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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE 'RUPTURE CORDIALE'

THIS delightful title for the characterization of the present somewhat academic Franco-British difference was chosen by the *Outlook* of March 3 for the following lively series of grumbles and threats:—

'We were vociferously told from Paris, when Mr. Bonar Law declined to enter the Ruhr and the *rupture cordiale* was consummated, that Great Britain had isolated herself from the Continent. Ever since, the French, having won most doubtful and half-hearted diplomatic adhesion, though no physical support, from Italy, and having dragooned Belgium, now an economic and military vassal of France, into becoming an accomplice, have spoken of their activities in Germany as the acts of "the Allies." The natural result of this situation is now upon us in the shape of hydra-headed rumors of new coalitions in Europe, all of them more or less openly directed against ourselves. We hear most talk of the Latin *bloc*, France — dragging along Belgium, of course — and Italy at the head of it, Poland and Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia as its satellites. Some Frenchmen even know so little about sea power as to speak in their press of the French and Italian fleets controlling the Mediterranean, forgetting that this pre-war "control" existed on sufferance, because we were compelled to keep our fighting force in the North Sea. They may be assured that the Admiralty will henceforth be ready and able to deal anywhere with the combined navies of Europe.

'Those of our "Allies" who think in these terms will find Italy a weak reed to lean upon, if the question of enmity to England comes to the fore. Nor are they altogether happy at the thought of Germany and Russia remaining unattached, for these two Powers, whatever their present plight, might form the nucleus of a new Entente with Great Britain, that within a decade or two at most would command infinitely more strength in man-power, in finance, in industry, than the rest of the Continent combined. Accordingly, we find a significant change of French opinion and attitude toward Moscow. It has been France, as all the world knows, who since the Armistice has stood most firmly against any recognition or economic assistance for Russia, and it was France who professed to see in the Rapallo Treaty a menace directed against herself. Now, however, there are flirtations proceeding — unofficially, of course — in Paris between the French Government and a Bolshevist Mission. France for a generation be-

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fore the war looked to Petersburg as her safeguard against Berlin, and the most far-seeing of her old school diplomatists at the time of the Peace Conference admitted frankly that in seeking to bolster up Poland as an eastern bulwark against Germany, they were erecting what they knew to be a temporary stop-gap to last only till the day when Russia should return to sanity, again raise huge armies, and reëmbrace the French alliance.

'There remains Germany. It is not a little astonishing, at first glance, to find hints of a rapprochement with the hated Huns accompanying the drastic coercion of Germany which France is seeking to accomplish in the Ruhr. Nevertheless, such suggestions are appearing. The French theory seems to be that if you kick a German enough he will become your docile slave, and after that may be used as an instrument to further your policies against other people whom you and your friends may not be strong enough to deal with. Frenchmen are notoriously logical, even when their logic, — as in this case, — through their ignorance of the psychology of other peoples, rests upon false premises. "What else can the Germans do," we can imagine M. Poincaré asking, "but come within our political and economic orbit, since we propose to hammer them until they agree?" The economic part of the French scheme is to rest upon a Franco-German metallurgical combine. Indeed, we are informed that within the past fortnight the three greatest European steel magnates, Herr Stinnes of Germany, and MM. Schneider and De Wendel of France, have expressed themselves, in conversation with eminent Englishmen, as convinced that a pan-European Steel Trust is inevitable, despite the mutual hatreds of their people. M. Schneider is the head of Creusots, M. De Wendel the iron-king of Lorraine. Schneider and his colleagues now control the famous Skoda works in Austria; the Stinnes group have bought up other iron and steel industries there, and should this combine prove practicable, the proposed Steel Trust would have a possible output of thirty million tons a year, equal to that of the United States Steel Corporation.

'This all sounds plausible enough; there is undoubted economic absurdity in the French importing coke from England to keep alight their blast furnaces in Lorraine when there is plenty of coke a few miles away in the Ruhr, and in the Germans obtaining iron ore from Newfoundland for their factories in the Ruhr when the mines of Lorraine lie within sight from the tops of their chimneys. However, Herr Stinnes sees no reason why the French should obtain 51 per cent of his shares and then gradually elbow him out of his own industries, while MM. Schneider and De Wendel know well enough the superior intelligence and organization of their German friends, and what would be the fate of themselves if they went into the combination with the Germans on equal terms. So we are afraid that inexorable economic law must for the present give way to the illogical facts of the political situation; and English iron and steel men have yet no cause to tremble before a combine with which they could scarcely hope to compete in the European market.

'We have no desire to brush away all these rumors of an anti-British coalition as mere figments of fancy bred of desire and moonshine. Within so much smoke must lurk a little flame. However, there exists no reason for alarm at the prospects of our ruin gloated upon by our grateful Allies, and no need that we should immediately rush forth into the highways to seek friends, so that we shall not stand alone in the day of

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peril. In seeking to restore economic sanity and get the world back to work, Great Britain is fighting the battles not only of herself, but of America, Japan, and of Germany — and those nations realize this. We are also, of course, through the same policy, trying to help France and Russia as well — and the day may come when a sane opinion in those nations will recognize as much, and cast down the war-mongers and Machiavellian diplomatists by the Seine, the Marx-crazed fanatics of the Kremlin. Nevertheless, we think the *Times* has done a public service in emphasizing with large headlines its rather cryptic and confusing dispatches about French efforts to isolate this country.

'Our danger lies in the ignorance of public opinion, and the continued prevalence of war sentimentality. Politicians and journalists often make the mistake of assuming, because they and their friends all agree as to the essential facts of a situation, that the mass of our population must take the same view. Britain needs now a campaign of education, to educate public opinion to the obvious rudimentary facts about the Continental situation. It is no longer the humbled Junkers of Prussia or the impotent theorists of Moscow who are our open and avowed enemies, but the ruling class — soon, we hope, to suffer the fate of its German and Russian predecessors — in the Third French Republic. While there are people still left in England so innocent as to talk of keeping our troops in Germany so that France may not feel we have abandoned her, a common phrase one hears in Paris is "England's Gibraltar on the Rhine." Well, we are there under the Treaty, and it may be well to stay there, not to please France, but to hinder her so far as possible from creating a new Alsace-Lorraine that shall some day drag us into war to repair the injustice of 1923, as we fought in 1914 to undo the crime of 1871. A pronouncement to this effect from the Treasury bench would rally, with insignificant exceptions, the whole of England behind it. We do not suggest that we could maintain ourselves in Cologne if the French tried to put us out; but it would be more dignified, more worthy of English traditions, and in the long run more farsighted, to let it be known that whoever moves against any territory that we hold in trust, whether on the Rhine or elsewhere, becomes our enemy.'

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THE SAAR

THE second installment of the notorious Dariac secret report was published the first week in March, and has fed the British fury against French direct action in Germany. This chapter deals with the Saar territory, and, as the *Manchester Guardian* avers, 'casts a lurid light upon the aspirations cherished by important circles in France, and renders ludicrous M. Poincaré's assurances that no Frenchman who counts desires to annex any German territory.' M. Dariac propounds an elaborate scheme for purifying the population by removing persons unfriendly to the French, and for cajoling public opinion by the adroit utilization of press and pulpit in such a manner as to render the plebiscite due to be held in 1935 more or less a farce. The danger to France of allowing the population of the Saar to express its aspirations and grievances by means of popular assemblies is frankly pointed out. This seemed necessary on account of the insistence by an element of the French press upon a certain modification of the Saar régime, as a condition of the treaty which France hopes to impose upon Germany at the conclusion of the present demi-war in the Ruhr.

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Great Britain would certainly 'view with alarm' any apparent intention to make the Saar district, containing some 700,000 purely German inhabitants, a tacit, though veiled, annex of the French Republic.

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GERMAN MARITIME REVIVAL

IN our issue of March 10 we printed some remarks on the merchant-fleet activities of America, Great Britain, and Japan.

The practical rebirth of the German merchant marine is causing France considerable alarm. The central committee of French shipowners has published a pamphlet passing in review the development of this remarkable comeback.

'On the morrow of the peace Germany found herself confronted by a very serious problem. She was without a merchant fleet, an essentially important element in any attempt to regain her position as a Major Power. She decided to apply herself to the immediate solution of this problem, and not leave it exposed to the hazards of her confused condition or revolutionary uncertainties. On the contrary, she went about it with the most deliberate sang-froid. She still possessed, as guides, her old traditions and certain surviving units of pre-war times. Beginning modestly with these, and renewing relations with shipping interests of the United States, she reëstablished her maritime trade, and soon set in motion again the whole excellent system of agencies and business relations of which the Treaty of Versailles did not deprive her.

'This was the start — a very humble one, naturally; but Germany is now applying herself feverishly to the reconstruction and development of her merchant fleet. She employs all means simultaneously — chartering, repurchase, new construction. And she is succeeding. Two years after delivering to the Entente her forfeited craft, Germany possesses a merchant marine approaching one and a half millions of gross tonnage. From the start she recognized the necessity of a pretended healthy financial state of her shipping and dockyards, as well as actually affording material assistance. The Government placed a credit of some twelve billion marks at the disposition of the shipowners. Other official financial aid to dockyards and maritime operations followed. The German public has always enthusiastically applauded these advances, and in so doing testified to the greater popular sympathy with their object.

'The steamship companies are resuming their activities one by one; they are completing the reparation of the network that once covered all parts of the globe. They are once more represented in all great international conferences; and, on the third anniversary of the Armistice, we behold Germany on all the seas which her ships ploughed of yore, and we behold her already important and redoubtable.

'From the promulgation of the Treaty of Versailles to the present day is about three years, and this brief space of time has sufficed for Germany to become once more a maritime power. The fact is somewhat surprising but explicable. Many causes have been at work to effect this quasi-resurrection. Some of them are natural, such as the economic force of Germany, the talent for organization of her shipping interests, the discipline and patriotism of the personnel, and so forth. These are genuine and permanent causes which are bound to benefit any merchant marine, and especially Germany's, under any circumstances.

'Other causes may be described as artificial, even ephemeral, such as, for

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example, the depreciation of the mark, which has greatly benefited the German merchant fleet just at a period in which those under other flags were exposed to serious difficulties. Causes like this last are far less important than the first mentioned, and should not be assigned too much significance.'

Commenting upon this report *Le Temps* of February 13 says: 'This general summing-up of the shipowner's committee is of particular interest, as it shows us how, on the sea as elsewhere, the billions due the Allies by virtue of the treaty of peace have been used by the Reich to subvention German industry. Of the mass of statistics that prove this we limit ourselves to mentioning the following: After the surrender of the German ships to the Allies, the ten German shipping firms, which owned before the war 541 vessels of a combined tonnage of 3,358,000, found themselves in possession of a fleet of fifty-four units and a tonnage of 328,000 gross. From 1920 to 1922 these companies have put in commission no fewer than eighty-five vessels with a tonnage of 556,000. This means that last year Germany possessed a merchant marine of 139 vessels of a tonnage of 884,000.

'Figures such as these call for no comment!'

So far as productive capacity is concerned, German shipyards have more than returned to their pre-war position. The largest vessel launched in the world last year took the water at Danzig. Hamburg built a steamer of 20,000 tons. Of the 852 vessels and 2,467,000 gross tons launched in 1922, Great Britain and Ireland built forty-two per cent, or over a million tons. Germany was an easy second with 187 vessels and 526,000 tons. France ranked third both in number of vessels and in tonnage, Holland fourth, and the United States fifth, with 59 vessels and 119,000 tons. Every country except Germany turned out a smaller tonnage in 1922 than in 1921.

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THE CONDITION OF HUNGARY

On March 7 the London *Times* published the third and last article on Hungary by a well-qualified investigator, who has just spent some time in that country. The *Times* says: —

'We publish this morning the last of a short series of articles on the present position of Hungary. The Magyar State is suffering from those post-war maladies which are common to victors and vanquished alike, and were aggravated for the victors on the European Continent by the fact that in each case they, and not the vanquished, had been overrun and devastated in the course of hostilities. Hungary, moreover, like Bulgaria, enjoys the advantage of being a wheat-exporting country and of being thereby relieved of any prospect of starvation — a danger which has been actual enough to others less fortunately placed. The troubles of Hungary are, nevertheless, real and acute; and arise chiefly from the amputation of the former kingdom by the cession to Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania of large districts where the majorities of the population were respectively Slovaks, Croats, and Rumanes. A great number of Hungarian officials were thereby thrown out of service, and have become houseless refugees.

'Communications, and especially the railways, had naturally been constructed to serve the economic needs of the Hungary which stretched from the Southern Carpathians and the Save to the frontiers of Galicia and Austria. These normal geographical boundaries have been superseded by the unnatural barriers created by racial antagonism, which raises every possible obstacle to

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the free intercourse of commodities over an area that has everything to gain from free trade. Czechs and Austrians, we are told, will not buy Hungarian wine, though before the war the gourmets of Prague and Vienna were ready enough to order sweet Tokay. The Rumanian Government places Hungarians in Transylvania under severe disabilities, and in general it may be said that the Treaty of Trianon has been interpreted by the victorious neighbors of Hungary in the spirit of *Væ Victis*.

'It is easier to explain than to condone this state of mind. Under the old régime Rumanes and others were denied political freedom by their masters the Hungarians, and the persecution of the last few generations is now recoiling upon its authors. The Magyars are a manly, truculent race, accustomed to command; and it is particularly galling to them to be ordered about by those they have ruled for a thousand years. They apparently cherish the hope that they may yet resume their sway over the "lost provinces." That illusion must be dismissed from their minds if they want Europe to help them.

'Whatever the disadvantages of the present economic arrangements, the territorial settlement cannot be reopened now. The temporary dislocation of a transitional period must on no account be allowed to form an excuse for the revision forthwith of a treaty concluded by the great and small Powers in conference and accepted by Hungary. Chaos and war would be the inevitable consequence of tampering with the Treaty of Trianon. It was ratified only in July 1921. There can be no question of its revision less than two years afterwards. If — and the contingency is a remote one — the inhabitants of the ceded districts should after fair trial of their new masters definitely place before the League of Nations a request to be returned to their old allegiance, then, and not before, the question of a territorial rearrangement may be legitimately discussed.

'Meanwhile there is every reason why the Western Allies should do all in their power to induce the Secession States to adopt a more conciliatory economic policy. Much has already been done by the enlightened Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, M. Bénès. But there are others who still seem to consider that the Danube, instead of being a connecting link between all the riparian countries, offers a wonderful opportunity to each to obstruct the commerce of the other. The Danube basin forms a natural economic unit, and it is as foolish as it is shortsighted to carve it up by jealousy and distrust into a chessboard of small economic entities, none of which possesses all the commodities that it needs.

'The Reparations Commission is likely soon to take up definitely the question of how much money may properly be demanded of Hungary. A generous attitude is necessary, in the opinion of our Special Correspondent, if stability is to be restored to Hungarian finances. With the example of Germany before us we may well deem it advisable to recommend that the greater part of the Reparations claim should be waived. At the same time it would not be fair to forget that the Secession States renounced their claims to restitution from Germany on the understanding that they would be refunded by Austria and Hungary. Their consent must be obtained to any concession made to Hungary; and no concession should be granted without a proviso that Hungary on her part accepts without any mental reservation the territorial settlement concluded at Trianon.'

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FRANCE AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE

BY JIKA RANKOVITCH

[*The author is a young Serbian writer who is deeply interested in international affairs. The editor of* La Revue Mondiale, *who does not agree with all the views expressed here, has given him complete freedom of expression, thus making him a valuable spokesman for Yugoslav opinion in certain of its phases.*]

From *La Revue Mondiale, February* 1
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY)

How shall we characterize the press campaign on the other side of the Channel, which purports to describe French militarism and the political isolation of France? While the English publicists are straining every nerve to show the whole world that their own isolation is 'splendid' they redouble their endeavors to demonstrate that French isolation is suspect and dangerous. If you read Lloyd George's speech after the Geneva Conference, you would really think France on the eve of a new catastrophe. The Bolshevist-German Alliance was a valuable bugbear for that cunning manipulator, that daring balancer of European political affairs, to use in bringing pressure upon French statesmen. The political and military results of the Treaty of Rapallo were enlarged beyond measure and exaggerated to suit his taste. Lloyd George's overfertile imagination displayed before us whole forests of Russo-German bayonets — a kind of punitive expedition of Asiatic and Prussian culture-bearers — marching in the very near future against bourgeois France and all Western civilization. In the inevitable distress that was approaching, Mr. Lloyd George saw no other isle of safety for France save his own 'tight little island,' but he deliberately forgot that the military guaranty had already been drowned in the Channel.

English opinion is almost unanimous with regard to the danger that threatens the French nation, of which they think Great Britain is the only possible preserver. But another reflection suggests itself to those who follow English policy closely and impartially: While all the English statesmen and their newspapers are in perfect agreement over the danger threatening France, they violently oppose their ally's measures for her own security, which they term imperialism and militarism. Heartily glad that their own island is effectively protected by the waves, they generously proclaim that France ought to entrust her fate to Providence. They insist upon seeing in her military precautions an instrument of domination that delays the reconstruction of Europe. These gentlemen in Downing Street never cease to weep crocodile tears with the economist John Maynard Keynes over Germany's terrible lot, meanwhile preaching gentleness and mercy.

Albert Sorel, the famous French historian, used frequently to repeat in his lectures on the diplomatic history of England at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques: 'Remember that England is an island.' He meant that the same laws cannot be applied both to the European Continent and to Great Britain, whose citizens regard the protection of their country after a fashion peculiarly their own. The successor

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of the celebrated Sorel in the chair of diplomatic history, our venerable master, M. Christian Scheffer, has given a summary of the situation of the island and its inhabitants that is, in my opinion, still more important for understanding the mentality of England and her statesmen: —

(1) Every Englishman is filled with belief in the superiority of England. What is made in England is always better than anything outside.

(2) The English statesman never troubles himself with considerations of a legalistic nature. In his firm determination to attain his end, he regards that end as justifying the means.

(3) The diplomacy of the Foreign Office does not understand the word 'Alliance' in the same way as Continental diplomats.

In English foreign policy there is a line of conduct from which no statesman of the island ever departs. This unity of opinion constitutes the strength of that formidable empire, which dominates the world, and whose power is based on an unvarying foreign policy. A striking likeness appears between the acts of the successive diplomats of England in the various epochs of history and shows us that the English are always struggling toward a single end: to consolidate their mastery of the sea by jealously guarding the route to India.

History teaches us that no English politician takes the responsibility of mortgaging his country's future by any engagement whatever that can hamper the freedom of action of his successors for any length of time. This way of thinking is too characteristic and too well established during the centuries by the traditional policy of the island for anyone to think of modifying it to-day. These characteristics ought to be a political compass for Continental diplomats in everything that concerns Great Britain.

It is absolutely useless to cling constantly to England with a view to securing a guaranty of French security, or to seek execution of the treaties in England. The successive appeals to London diminish French prestige indefinitely. We saw M. Clemenceau give up essential clauses in the Treaty of Versailles in order to obtain a pact of guaranty with England — and why? In 1919, the Entente Cordiale was already dead — a fact that is so clear and evident that there is no use trying to show it. From that date, France has been constantly playing the part of the horse in the 'alliance of the man and the horse' of which Palmerston spoke.

In analyzing impartially political events then and since, we must understand that at Versailles France simply capitulated before the Anglo-Saxons. The reason is simple: Russia's place at her side was empty. The French nation, however, was not alone in surrendering to the island. All the rest of the Continent did likewise. The balance sheet of war and peace thus far shows that the hegemony of Prussianized and materialistic Germany before the war — which, however, was tempered by the Franco-Russian Alliance — has been replaced by the hegemony of England. There is no doubt that it is a domination of the most civilized kind, but domination none the less it is.

Our disillusion was complete when the American Senate wholly rejected the engagements that President Wilson had made in Europe. Each of the two Anglo-Saxon worlds took refuge beneath its own particular umbrella. The English vanished under the doctrine of 'splendid isolation,' while the Americans returned to the 'Monroe Doctrine.'

Another combination was eventually to guarantee the future of France and

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the order of Europe. This was the League of Nations, the great illusion of our day. As we look at this institution in operation, and at the elements that dominate in it, we must recognize it as a marvelous piece of political machinery that aids the Anglo-Saxons in their exercise of world domination. The rôle of the British Empire in this world confederation is exactly that of Prussia in her ancient Bundesrat. The English Secretary-General is a good sound stick in English hands wherewith to master the smaller members, just as the Chancellor of the German Empire once was in the hands of the Kaiser.

We know a thing or two, we Serbians. The terrible ultimatum launched at us in the name of the League of Nations last year — and all because we were defending our frontiers against the Albanian bandits — taught us that but one will is to be respected in this organization, which supposedly grants equality to its members — the will of England. The dictator, Lloyd George, was pitiless toward us. In spite of our haste to carry out his personal directions strictly, in order not to disturb him further, he haled us before the bar of justice, and this at the side of the Albanians.

Another event which took place when the Bolsheviki invaded Poland proves that Great Britain acts as the master of the League of Nations. When certain members of that League spoke of intervening to save Poland, Lloyd George cried ironically: 'No use appealing to the Council of the League of Nations, since you are sure in advance there will be no unanimous decision.' That imperfect institution, however, offers no one a guaranty — since it has no armed force at its disposal it cannot impose its will, as the cases of Poland and Prussia show clearly.

A third and last combination might perhaps have procured for France a kind of guaranty — I mean a Latin Alliance. But this is a bad horse for the international political race, one which France ought not to mount on any pretext, for she will come tumbling off at the first obstacle.

To put it in a nutshell, France can count neither on the Anglo-Saxon world nor on the Latins, still less on the League of Nations. Is there any other way for the French nation to protect itself against a revengeful Germany? Of course there is. The Little Entente seems obviously indicated, and the whole of the younger Slavic world asks nothing better than to tighten the links of friendship binding it to France.

There is no use troubling our heads with chimerical possibilities. One political alliance only is capable of giving our great ally guaranties in case of war, and of bringing to Europe the necessary stability. That is a Slav alliance. The European War proved it. While on one side the Anglo-Saxons were hesitating and their Latin brothers were changing from one alliance to another — the Rumanians were selling their wheat for German gold and letting German cannon pass through their country to Turkey — the French and the Slavs were already fighting in firm and brotherly association on every front.

After a glance at the course of political events in Europe since the catastrophe, we are justified in drawing one conclusion: the principle of equilibrium will dominate in the twentieth century as it has in all those that have preceded. We are at present in a period of transition, while the regrouping in quest of a balance of power in the Old World is taking place. In this undeniable state of chaos, alliances seem the only means of guaranty against states that seek to make themselves dominant.

It is of special importance to draw a

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distinction between political agreements that arise from the nature of things and artificial agreements whose origin is purely diplomatic. Natural alliances are those in which identical interests exist, and they do not change for a long period. Such alliances are ordinarily demanded by the geographical situation. Two countries whose territories are diametrically opposed, while their interests are identical, naturally approach one another. As Bismarck said: 'The Franco-Russian Alliance results from circumstances.'

History furnishes us with two examples of artificial alliances, due merely to occasion — Italy in the Triple Alliance, and England in the Entente Cordiale. In spite of treaties constantly renewed and reënforced, Italy not only abandoned her German ally at the first opportunity, but was not slow in turning against her. Great Britain's position in the Entente Cordiale at the beginning of hostilities is especially significant, and is but another illustration of her statesmen's special way of seeing things. Although bound by definite engagements in elaborate treaties, the English replied to M. Poincaré's telegram with a great deal of courtesy and kindness, but without promising anything. It was only when one Belgian fort after another was falling, and the Kaiser's troops made their appearance on the Channel, that the diplomats and the Foreign Office suddenly remembered the existence of a treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality and bearing the signature of their country.

That shows that neither England nor anyone else came to fight by France's side for the fun of it. Under the common menace of German imperialism, the powers naturally drew closer to one another. They fought together so long as the danger existed. Once that was gone their community of interest no longer existed, and each resumed the traditional policy suited to it. They drew further apart quite as logically as they had drawn closer together, pursuing new purposes conforming to the interests that their new circumstances created.

An alliance due to the nature of things can be concluded to-day only between France and the Little Entente. France, being a Continental power, must naturally be concerned first of all with her position on the Continent. Prudence bids her throw in her lot with that of other Continental states whose interest requires the execution, not the abolition, of the treaties. The moment seems to have arrived for a thoroughgoing application of Talleyrand's celebrated doctrine — to group middle-sized states, especially Slavic ones, about France, in order to stabilize the European situation and procure the execution of the treaties that will produce work, security, and prosperity, and to oppose this Continental bloc to 'Anglo-Saxon hegemony.'

Let there be no mistake. The Little Entente is called on to play a political, military, and economic rôle of the first importance. Supplied by Czechoslovak factories with materials of war, the armies of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes, which in time of war amount to two million men, will be a formidable implement in the hands of a clever diplomat. Lloyd George was the first to understand the military importance of our country. Before his fall he offered us Constantinople in order to save the Greeks and the prestige of his personal policy.

How odd are the caprices of fortune! In 1921 the English ex-Premier was overwhelming us with humiliating ultimatums. More recently, all smiles, he was offering us the richest presents. M. Pachitch unfortunately could have nothing to do with such combinations.

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No Yugoslav would have taken the responsibility of sending troops to Asia Minor to aid the Greeks, to whom we were bound by no treaty, and who, as our allies, unscrupulously abandoned us in 1915, without regard for their formal obligations. I know the great majority of the Greeks will reply: 'We did not abandon you. It was our King.' But then, what are we to think of a people who recall this perjured King to the throne and do it by a fair majority?

Whence comes this Little Entente? What is its purpose? What does it represent? In the reconstruction of the countries along the Danube after the Great War, we have seen two clashing policies — French and English. The English theory was to rebuild this part of Europe around a Hungary ruled by a Hapsburg, with the thinly disguised purpose of reviving the all but defunct Austria. The French proposals, on the other hand, approximated the wishes of the Slovenes, but the British were about to prevail. Before this direct menace, Dr. Bénès, the Czechoslovak Minister of Foreign Affairs, hurried to Belgrade and concluded with Dr. Vesnitch a pact of mutual guaranty based on the support of the Treaty of the Trianon. There is the beginning of what to-day is called the Little Entente. Rumania adheres to this pact on the same conditions, except for a single difference. Her treaty with Yugoslavia looks not only to the complete execution of the Treaty of the Trianon, but of the Treaty of Neuilly as well.

The English manœuvre was now blocked by the two Slavic diplomats, but the Franco-Slav victory was not yet complete. By the internationalization of the Danube, the English contrived to assure their supremacy on the water, but the first solid knot of the elements of order had been tied in Central Europe.

To-day the Little Entente can replace Tsarist Russia advantageously in the eventual political combination with France. Surely the new Slavic democracies offer a stabler guaranty for the French people in time of trial than the old absolute régime in Russia. As for its weight in the balance of international forces, the Genoa Conference shows us that it need only lean to one side or another to put Europe into equilibrium, or to throw it off balance. If M. Barthou was stronger at Genoa than M. Poincaré at London, it is because the states of the Little Entente grouped themselves behind him. His forces found themselves completely harmonized by the fact that the military power of Yugoslavia and the industrial power of Czechoslovakia were complete.

The young Slav world that rises to-day as a genuine force in Eastern and Central Europe enjoys complete freedom. The natural richness of the realm of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes enables it to feed great armies, while the Slav Creusot, Skoda, will make the necessary arms, if another tempest comes to overwhelm us — since we must look out for that eventuality.

In all probability we shall be between the hammer and the anvil, as we have always been — between Europe and Asia. Our geographical situation gives us such political importance that we must enter international affairs, whether we will or no. All the roads leading from East to West cross our soil. Such a position involves certain privileges. The Yugoslavs will derive great economic advantages from it. But it is also full of political danger, rousing as it does the greed of the Great Powers and hence the imperious necessity of a strong central state. Six of the most important commercial lines of Europe and the East cross our country — the

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Berlin-Bagdad Railway and those between Paris and Constantinople, Vienna and Saloniki, Paris and Bucharest, the Danube and the Adriatic, and the railway recently proposed along the forty-fifth parallel from Bordeaux to Odessa.

We are able to get a clear view of the preparation of the new catastrophe with which humanity is threatened. The duel between the elephant and the whale — Russia and Great Britain — is beginning anew, bitter as ever; and the last offensive of the Kemalists is merely a prelude to a formidable struggle between two continents and two civilizations. The character of this struggle will be not political and social only, but religious and national as well. Against the Entente Cordiale of the West, a political alliance far too inclusive in its scope has been formally established. We may already begin to call it the Entente Orientale, under the directing ægis of the Soviets.

The treaty of the month of November, 1920, between Angora and Moscow, assures the latter free passage to the Persian Gulf. In 1921 there was a series of treaties — Turkey and Persia, Turkey and Afghanistan, Turkey and Bokhara, Persia and Afghanistan, and Persia and Bokhara — which together established the Entente Orientale. Each was concluded at Moscow, and each includes a military convention. In February 1921, after the Bolshevist conquest of Azerbaijan, or Rumania and Georgia, the English protectorate over Persia, which had been almost formally imposed by the treaty of August 1919, was abolished by virtue of another agreement between the Soviet and Persia, and was replaced with a Russian protectorate. The land route to India by way of Batum and Baku was now blocked to Great Britain by Russia. To be sure, the material means of action are not perfected like those of Europe; but this Eastern Entente has the advantage of being spiritually one, of having a definite goal in the destruction of Western civilization, and of possessing political chiefs who know definitely what they want.

What is the situation of Europe before this Asiatic-Bolshevist-German preparation? Deplorable! Torn by social struggles within and by political disagreement without, the states of the old Continent present a truly pitiable aspect. While the Great Powers are squabbling over oil, capitulations, the protection of Christians in the Ottoman Empire, and so forth—as we have seen them at the Lausanne Conference — it is left to Dr. Nintchitch, the Yugoslav Minister of Foreign Affairs, to stop at the Maritsa the victorious march of the hordes hurrying from the depths of Asia in the Kemalist ranks.

In spite of their treachery toward us Serbs in 1915, we are far from rejoicing in the downfall of the Greeks. We held out our hands to them at the Lausanne Conference. It is clear enough that our assistance then was not merely indirect. It consisted chiefly in Dr. Nintchitch's blunt rejection of any plebiscite in Eastern Thrace. Dr. Nintchitch formally declared that our kingdom would not tolerate the passage of the Turks beyond the Maritsa under any pretext whatever. This made a deep impression upon Ismet Pasha, and rendered him at once less intractable. Thus encouraged, MM. Venizelos of Greece, Duca of Rumania, and Stambouliskii of Bulgaria immediately grouped themselves behind our country to oppose the 'Balkan Bloc' to Kemalist Turkey. Our military and economic power will permit us to play an increasingly important rôle in international diplomacy.

The purpose of the Little Entente was at first wholly defensive, and it

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constituted merely a passive element in the political life of Central Europe. To-day it has a more and more active part. From the rôle of an observer it has become an actor. The Little Entente emerged as a political power at Genoa, when it achieved positive results. Since then its programme has sensibly enlarged. The alliance was recently prolonged for a period of five years by MM. Patchitch of Serbia and Bénès of Yugoslavia, who met at Marienbad on August 31, 1922. Industrial Czechoslovakia and agricultural Yugoslavia form a harmonious and indivisible whole, which increases the value of that political armament which is bit by bit being worked out.

Of what use to the Little Entente is a Greece that has collapsed, thanks to her political megalomania? Why should we seek to save a dynasty in distress and a country which abandoned us in 1915 with purposes by no means doubtful? It is Bulgaria that must be admitted into the Little Entente, and that as soon as possible, in order to consolidate that edifice by introducing into it new Slavic elements and to complete Slavic Mitteleuropa, made up of nations of the same race ranging from the Baltic to the Ægean Sea, the Black Sea, and the Adriatic.

In the minds of those neo-Slavists, Bénès and Vesnitch, the Little Entente is to be a political instrument that is essentially Slavic. It is still that, and it must remain so, while it waits for its transformation into a definite political, military, and economic organization. To introduce foreign blood into the Little Entente would merely result in complete poisoning of its body, or at least would render it anæmic, and would weaken into passivity the will to action that has already manifested itself admirably.

We are firmly convinced that France has nothing to lose by linking its destiny with ours. It is true that one Slav country still sails to-day on a sea where a sinister red tide flows, but on the bloody horizon we perceive already the dawn of freedom of a new Slavic democracy that will complete our national union and will bring security to France and stability to the world.

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1919 AND 1923

[The writer of the following article uses a book review as a means to drive home the general British belief that, as France's present action in the Ruhr is only the development of her original plan, she may be expected to carry it out in the most complete manner.]

From the *New Statesman, February* 24
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

CRITICS of French policy have pointed out over and over again, during the past few weeks, that the object of France — in so far as M. Poincaré's Government represents France — in occupying the Ruhr is not to enforce the payment of Reparations, but to secure the military predominance of France in Europe, and at the same time, if possible, to bring about the complete economic ruin of Germany.

That this is a just and accurate description of French aims would be obvious to every intelligent observer of the course of recent events, even if it had not been confirmed by the public utterances of many leading French journalists and politicians. A good many people in this country, however, are still inclined to regard it as a libel dictated by anti-French prejudice, and thus to misapprehend the whole meaning of the present crisis. It is not a question upon which there need be or should be any doubt, but in the absence of definite documentary evidence doubt remains possible for those who wish to doubt. And, indeed, who would not wish to doubt that such aims can be seriously entertained in the twentieth century by a sane and civilized nation with which for many years Great Britain has been in alliance.?

Documentary evidence, however, is no longer lacking. It is amply supplied in an American book, which has just been published in England under the title of *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement,* and which contains the most complete record that has yet appeared of the secret proceedings of the Peace Conference of 1919.

Mr. Baker, who was the official director of the American Press Bureau in Paris throughout the Conference, and who has been engaged for the past two years in writing this book, could hardly have chosen a more opportune moment for its publication. The greater part of it is a commentary on and explanation of what France is now doing in the Ruhr and Rhineland. We are, in fact, watching to-day M. Poincaré and Marshal Foch take what four years ago President Wilson just managed not to give them. The main lines of the tremendous struggle between Clemenceau and Wilson at the Paris Conference have been known to all students of that crowning catastrophe; but when the obvious truth was denied by the partisans of this or that nation or statesman, it was not possible to support it by documentary proof. Much of what we knew depended upon hearsay, upon the evidence of officials or journalists, who, like everyone in the poisoned atmosphere of Paris, were embittered partisans; or, when it was not thus tainted by Conference pathology, it depended upon inference.

The great importance of Mr. Baker's book lies in the fact that its statements are supported by uncontrovertible evidence. He does not altogether escape the taint of partisanship; he

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writes not only as a historian, but as an advocate, and his book is a brief — it is President Wilson's *apologia*. But in order to give him the material for his brief, the President put at his disposal the whole of his confidential papers; and these papers included the complete Minutes of the secret meetings of the Council of Four, the complete Minutes of the Council of Ten, all the President's private notes, memoranda, and correspondence, all the reports, British, French, and American, that came into the President's hands, and a vast mass of other confidential documents.

A great many of the more important of these documents are printed verbatim in the third volume; but the Minutes of the Councils of Four and Ten, though they are eventually to be published, proved, unfortunately, too voluminous for reproduction in this form. Mr. Baker quotes copiously from them to support his narrative of events, but in questions of such intricacy and historical importance a quotation can never take the place of the full text.

The central feature of the book relates to the French demands for military 'security,' and the terrific struggle over them which took place between Clemenceau and Wilson from March 15 to April 16, 1919 — with Mr. Lloyd George as *tertius gaudens*, sharing the President's views but giving him no practical support. Some time ago M. Poincaré stated publicly that there had never been a Minister, Senator, or Deputy in France who had ever supported a policy of annexing German territory, and that the 'sanctions' which it was proposed to apply in the Ruhr and Rhineland were intended solely as an instrument for inducing the German Government to carry out its financial obligations. It is clear from this book that M. Poincaré and those who belong to his school of policy must attach a very peculiar meaning to the word 'annex.'

The French programme for which M. Clemenceau — driven by M. Poincaré and his friends — fought in Paris, with all the tenacity of an octogenarian, included the Rhine as the *permanent* military and economic frontier of France, and even at one moment 'absolute control by military occupation of . . . Essen and the principal Krupp establishments, the greater part of the Rhenish-Westphalian coal-field and the metallic industries which depend upon these.' The French Report from which these words are quoted went on to point out that 'the prevention of exportation to the unoccupied German territories of the general products of this area would have the most serious consequences from an economic point of view.'

When the President called for the George Washington, having determined to break the Conference rather than yield the full French programme, the fatal compromise of the Versailles Treaty was patched up with its loophole in the impossible Reparations clauses through which France could lay, and is laying, her hand upon the Rhineland and the Ruhr. The significant fact is that M. Poincaré, as the columns of *Le Temps* will show, never ceased to attack the Treaty-makers for having agreed to a time limit for the occupation, and that now that he is Premier he is taking steps to make the occupation permanent and to rewrite the Treaty of Versailles in accordance with the original French programme.

Never, indeed, has there been a more signal instance of French tenacity than is provided by a comparison of French policy in February 1919 with French policy in February 1923. They correspond point for point. M. Poincaré has learned nothing and surrendered nothing. He still desires to hold

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the Ruhr as a means of permanently crippling German industry, and he still believes that the Rhine is the proper defensive frontier of France, which accordingly, in the words of Marshal Foch, must be 'occupied and organized in peace time . . . and further, on account of the fortified towns by which it is reënforced and the means of communication (roads and railways) which converge on it or run laterally along it, is a magnificent basis of manœuvre for a counter-offensive.'

The rulers of France still dream, as they dreamed in 1919, of a Germany irretrievably crippled, militarily, economically, and, if possible, politically. Through week after week President Wilson held out, preaching the very doctrines which British statesmen are preaching to-day. If Mr. Lloyd George had acted then as he spoke last Monday the outcome might have been very different.

Of the closely allied question of Reparations the same is true. Mr. Baker makes it perfectly clear that never from the first day of the Conference did the French expect or desire Germany to pay the sums which they proposed to demand of her. Their original proposal was that the damages should be assessed at £40,000,000,000! They reduced this fantastic figure step by step, caring little or nothing what they surrendered so long as the total remained larger than Germany could possibly pay; and they bitterly and consistently vetoed any proposal to take the question of Germany's 'capacity to pay' into consideration in the Treaty in any form.

Time and again it was argued by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George that the prolonged maintenance of a great army on the Rhine at Germany's expense would mean a serious reduction of the sums available for Reparations. But

> France desired safety more than reconstruction. That was the inevitable logic of the military spirit. . . . For, if Germany were allowed to build herself up economically in order to pay Reparations, she would at the same time reëstablish her old predominant position as a power greater in population and with a more highly developed industrial organization than France, and therefore, according to military logic, again dangerous to French safety.

M. Poincaré uttered in the French Chamber only a few weeks ago an almost exact paraphrase of this sentence of Mr. Baker's. The one thing British interests most urgently require is the one thing France is most determined to prevent — the economic recovery of Germany. To argue that she is killing the goose is a mere waste of breath, for that is precisely what she wishes to do. Can it be wondered at that the Entente is broken?

The value of Mr. Baker's book is, as we have said, that it places these matters beyond doubt. There can no longer be any excuse for ignorance or misunderstanding of the real aims of the French Government. They have not been changed since the Armistice; they have not been concealed. If we have not yet grasped them it is our own fault. They are not our aims or anything like our aims. They are the very antithesis of our aims. No more grave and fundamental conflict between two nations can, indeed, be imagined than that which now exists between France and Great Britain; and British interests in this case, as it happens, coincide with those of all the rest of the world.

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THE QUESTION OF MEMEL

BY JOSEPH BLOCISZEWSKI

[*M. Blociszewski is Professor at the École des Sciences Politiques, Paris. As his name and position indicate, his sympathies lean to France and Poland. Since his article was written, the territory has been definitely assigned to Lithuania.*]

From the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire, February* 10
(INDEPENDENT POLITICAL-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

A LITTLE while ago the great public somewhat abruptly discovered that for three years and a half there had existed such a thing as the problem of Memel, the secret of which seemed hitherto to have been closely kept by the statesmen and the diplomats, together with a few special students of foreign affairs. What is this question? What are the interests involved? How does it concern us? Such are the questions I wish to study in the present article.

The Treaty of Versailles devotes Section X of Part III to Memel and the single article of this section reads as follows: —

> Germany renounces in favor of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers all rights and title over the territories included between the Baltic, the northeastern frontier of East Prussia as defined in Article 28 of Part II (Boundaries of Germany) of the present Treaty and the former frontier between Germany and Russia.
>
> Germany undertakes to accept the settlement made by the Principal Allied and Associated Powers in regard to these territories, particularly in so far as concerns the nationality of the inhabitants.

The German delegation under the leadership of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau having been permitted by the Allies to offer its remarks on the conditions of the treaty which it was about to sign, took advantage of its opportunity to object to the legitimacy of a number of the stipulations. In a long memoir dated May 29, 1919, it made special protest against Germany's obligation to give up the Memel territory. The chief argument was that the inhabitants of this district, even including those whose native speech is Lithuanian, did not desire to be separated from Germany.

To this statement the Allies replied on June 16, 1919, by finally rejecting the German thesis. They asserted that the region in question had always been Lithuanian, that the greater part of the population was still Lithuanian in origin and language. They refused to regard the fact that the city of Memel itself is largely German as serious ground for keeping the territory as a whole under German sovereignty, because this port is Lithuania's only outlet to the sea. Finally they justified keeping the territory in their own hands because the status of the Lithuanian country had not yet been decided.

As a result, Article 99 was sustained, and after signing the treaty of peace Germany had to conform to it. She evacuated the territory that the Allies thought they ought to detach from East Prussia, and it was occupied by a small body of French troops commanded by General Odry. The Memel district lies wholly on the right bank of the River Niemen and stretches out in a half moon from a point west of

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the little Lithuanian town of Jurborg as far as the little Baltic port of Polangen in Latvia. Thus it separates German East Prussia from the state of Lithuania proper. It is about 150 kilometres long, about 20 wide, with an area of 2450 square kilometres, and it has a population of about 160,000.

After the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, while awaiting the arrival of General Odry, affairs of state were carried on by a Provisional Committee. As soon as he took charge, the French General proceeded to a reorganization of the departmental administration which remains to-day, although eventually this military administration was replaced by a wholly civil administration and General Odry was recalled. M. Petisné succeeded him at the head of the government, with the title of High Commissioner of the Allied Powers. To-day, and until the Conference of Ambassadors decides otherwise, the whole authority, both legislative and judicial, is vested in the High Commissioner.

The administrative organization, created out of odds and ends and modeled according to circumstances, could not, in the opinion of the Allies, be anything more than purely provisional. Why, then, has it maintained itself so much longer than they foresaw? It was easy enough to take Memel from the sovereignty of Germany after the victory of the Allies and the downfall of the imperial régime. But to decide the final fate of this tiny district by attaching it to a definite political entity would constitute a far more complicated problem.

We must not forget that, when hostilities ended on the Rhine, Eastern Europe was still in the agonizing process of readaptation and reorganization. The little Baltic states, which had barely got on their feet, seemed destined to the most precarious existence. Could one recognize them as independent political entities? The chancelleries of Europe were full of doubts. Would it not be better to wait until Russia, free of the Bolshevist yoke, should enter once more into the concert of the Powers? Time enough then to make definite decisions and trace the frontiers of this portion of our continent. Moreover, none of the surrounding nations, Lithuania, Russia, or Poland, had any frontiers anywhere on the outskirts of their territory. War had broken out between Russia and Poland, and Red bands from Moscow were making ready to invade the plains of the Vistula.

The diplomats, never in great haste to settle international problems, in the case of Memel had a thousand good reasons for postponing the solution. Some of them were economic. Although the territory of Memel at first sight seems to be of secondary importance, its geographic situation assigns it an important part in the commercial life of Eastern Europe. Controlling the lower part of the river Niemen, it affords access to the sea from the whole basin of that river — that is to say, a hinterland of 192,000 kilometres and 9,000,000 people.

Before the war the chief commerce of Memel was in lumber from Lithuania and Poland. According to statistics of that time, commerce in lumber constituted 79 per cent of the total export, and reached about 1,000,000 cubic metres, of which Poland furnished 65 per cent, Lithuania 20 per cent, and Latvia, together with territories now forming a part of Russia, the remaining 15 per cent. Memel is joined to Poland by the river Niemen, its tributaries, and a whole system of canals. It is, moreover, closely linked with the railway system of Poland. One may say that the eastern districts of Poland depend economically on Me-

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mel, just as the western districts depend on Danzig.

Memel is obviously destined to become the centre of Polish commerce with the Baltic states. In view of the immense importance to her of reaching the sea by way of Memel, Poland demands that that port with its territory shall constitute a free and autonomous city under the protection of the chief Allied Powers. This arrangement, according to the ideas of Warsaw, would not be very definite. It would be established for a certain period with the express provision that Memel should never return to Germany, but would be susceptible to any modification by mutual agreement of the city itself, the Lithuanian Republic, and the Republic of Poland.

The Lithuanian Government at Kovno will have none of this combination. It demands the outright attachment of the territory of Memel to the Lithuanian Republic, basing its claims not on the text of the Treaty of Versailles, which is silent as to the ultimate fate of the city, but on the spirit of the Treaty, and above all on the reply made by the Allies to the protests of the German delegation. As we have already seen, in that reply the Allies insisted on separating Memel from Germany because it is Lithuania's only outlet to the sea. The Poles replied that when the Allied forces spoke of Lithuania they were not thinking of the present republic but of historic Lithuania as a geographic whole. To set up a free city at Memel would open the Baltic not merely to all portions of ancient Lithuania, but also to Poland, whose interests in this region have often been expressly recognized. And they insisted that we have here the real the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles.

Is it really necessary to involve the territory of Memel in the complications and dangers of the settlement between Lithuania and Poland by making it a part of the Lithuanian Republic? It seems necessary to reply in the negative. Under the Interallied occupation the territory has enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity. The people of Memel have no war debts to pay. They are doing business and they are getting rich. Their port, thanks to dredging, building, and new construction, is becoming better and more important. They are so keenly conscious of the advantages of their present situation that recently the members of the Directorate besought the intervention of the High Commissioner to induce the Allies to keep them under their protection. However, last November a delegation from Memel requested the Conference of Ambassadors to set up a free city under the protection of the Great Powers, and with special port privileges for Lithuania and Poland.

Incorporation with the Lithuanian Republic would give no special advantage to Memel. There is agriculture enough in the territory to enable its inhabitants to live from the product of their fields, and even to export cereals in good years. The profitable lumber trade, reduced though it is to-day, enables the Administration to levy taxes enough to balance the budget. Memel needs nothing but coal, chemical fertilizer, salt and sugar, fabrics and tin. As for natural products or manufactures that Lithuania does not furnish for herself, these can readily be procured in Poland, and a commercial agreement with that country has been signed and has just come into force. Moreover, attachment to the Lithuanian Republic, which is quite without advantages, presents grave inconveniences, notable among them a disguised reannexation to Germany. The Government of Kovno

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has a party which is closely linked with Berlin, and which acts according to instructions received from there. If one had any doubts on this subject, the various phases of the present adventure of Lithuania in Memel would be enough to end them.

One of the main errors committed by the statesmen in charge of executing the provisions of the Treaty lay in believing that the most crucial problems of the Treaty of Versailles could be put off indefinitely. When you are going to cut and slash in the living flesh of peoples, you must operate swiftly and with decision. Delays, hesitation, temporary measures, stir up fever. One can understand why the Conference of Ambassadors did not think the time opportune for final adjustment of the question of Memel in the very beginning. They had the excuse of waiting until Northeastern Europe settled down. But when this state of affairs was slow in coming, the Conference ought to have had the courage to make a decision and show its determination to have that decision respected. What it ought not to have done was to put off the solution for three years and give Germany an opportunity to embitter the disagreement between Poland and Lithuania, then exploit it and once more sabotage the Treaty of Versailles.

The Conference of Ambassadors had already discussed the question of Memel on two occasions, once in the month of June and again in the month of November, 1922, in the presence of delegates from Memel, Poland, and Lithuania, who had presented the claims of their respective Governments. The Conference was getting ready to take up this decision and reach a solution at last when the Lithuanian coup of January 10 took place. Let us observe in passing that it exactly coincided with the entry of our troops into the Ruhr. The preparations for this invasion were worked out at Kovno in the month of November by an organization of Lithuanian guerillas, at whose head was Colonel Polovinskis, Chief of the Second Bureau of the Lithuanian General Staff, the same colonel who, under the pseudonym of Budrys, took command of the activities against Memel with a number of former German officers who had settled in the Lithuanian capital. As for the pretended volunteers who took part in the expedition, they consisted mainly of Lithuanian regular troops disguised in civilian clothes.

There was nothing heroic about the 'operations.' Before entering the territory the invaders scattered a proclamation dated January 9, signed by a so-called Committee of Safety of 'Lesser Lithuania' and addressed to the officers and soldiers of France. They urged our little band of chasseurs-alpins 'not to raise a hand against the strength of the national will.' Colonel Budrys's bands, from two to three thousand strong, crossed the frontier without any resistance, occupied the towns of Pogegen and Heydekrug, and, when the local police yielded without a struggle, reached the gates of Memel, where the little French garrison received orders to take defensive measures.

At the first news of the invasion, M. Petisné, the High Commissioner, appealed to the cool-headedness of the population, protested against the violation of the territory entrusted to him, and declared that he would not give up the port. However, on the tenth of January, in conformity with instructions received from the Conference of Ambassadors, the representatives of France and Great Britain at Kovno urged the Lithuanian Government to set a guard on its frontier and keep armed bands from crossing into

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the territory of Memel. The President of the Council made haste to promise that he would give requisite instructions to the Minister of War, but that functionary seems to have brought no particular zeal to carrying out these instructions, for military organizations, some of them equipped with artillery, continued to gather all along the frontier.

A few days later a veritable squadron of Interallied war-vessels lay in Memel harbor. It included the British Cruiser Caledonia, and the French torpedo boats Algérien and Senegalais, the dispatch boat Oise and the cruiser Voltaire. Meantime the Lithuanian insurgents kept up their action. After proclaiming the downfall of the regular government in Memel, they set up one of their own in the little town of Prokuls, between Memel and Heydekrug, and entrusted the presidency to a certain M. Szimonaitis. Then they tried to haggle with the High Commissioner, who put them off, and on the morning of January 15 ventured on a vigorous attack against Memel.

After surrounding the city the Lithuanian bands, in force and well organized, succeeded in reaching the centre of the city, where a violent combat took place around the headquarters of the Commission. Several were killed and wounded on both sides. In view of the superiority of the Lithuanian forces, the High Commissioner gave orders to cease firing. An armistice was arranged, and a neutral zone established between the French troops and the insurgents. But even as he took these steps, which were to hold good until the arrival of instructions from Paris, M. Petisné renewed his protest against the use of force and again asserted that he would maintain the authority of the Allies in the territory around Memel to the very end. The inhabitants of the village joined their protests to those of the High Commissioner, and launched an 'appeal to the public opinion of the whole world,' in which they asserted that the insurrection was the work of the Kovno Government, that it had been carried out by regular and irregular Lithuanian troops, and that it was due to a movement of outsiders, not of inhabitants of the territory itself.

All this prevented Mr. Szimonaitis from coming to Memel to set up his so-called revolutionary 'government,' to endeavor to win over the regular functionaries to the revolutionary cause. As his endeavors had ended in failure, Mr. Szimonaitis had recourse to more radical measures. He set up a new Directorate and a new State Council. The latter was to determine the status of the territory. On January 17 the Conference of Ambassadors decided to send an Extraordinary Commission to Memel immediately, charged with the duty of establishing a provisional government and of maintaining peace and order in the territory by authority of the Allies. Moreover, the Conference addressed a telegram to Mr. Petisné approving his action in maintaining the authority of the Allied Governments in the territory. They also made representations to Kovno in order to recall to the Lithuanian Government the grave responsibilities incurred in failing to take the necessary measures to prevent the spread of the insurrection.

On the nineteenth the Government at Kovno replied, declining to admit any responsibility, and adding that since the Memel territory was not under its authority it had no material means of controlling the directors of the rebellion. It declared, however, that it was ready to recall from Memel its representative who 'had no authority under the circumstances,' and asserted that it was ready to exert its

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moral influence over the rebels 'by assuring them that they would receive satisfaction.'

On the same day the President of the Revolutionary Committee, Mr. Szimonaitis, addressed a note to the British Government demanding the nomination of a new High Commissioner and the withdrawal of the French garrison. The Conference of Ambassadors decided to send the Kovno Government an ultimatum requiring it to use all its influence in order to withdraw the rebels who were in Memel, and to dissolve the provisional government in order that the Allied Extraordinary Commission might exert its powers and proceed to elect a provisional committee charged with the administration of the territory.

Public opinion will ask what we are doing at Memel and what French interests our chasseurs-alpins and our squadron are defending there. It would be easy to reply that our little garrison and our sailors represent not France alone but the Allied Powers who signed the Treaty of Versailles. That, however, would be only half the truth and would lead to the question: 'Must France always be pulling other people's chestnuts out of the fire?' As a matter of fact, France is both directly and indirectly interested in the Memel question — directly because no other Power must watch so strictly over the execution of the Treaty as she, indirectly because the security of her allies is her own security.

The Memel affair is a stroke by Germany, endeavoring to weaken the Treaty of Versailles. Lithuania's seizure of the Memel district represents the overthrow of the last obstacle to practically direct communication between Germany and Soviet Russia. It is also the direct reëstablishment of German influence over the mouth of the Niemen, and Poland is deprived of an outlet to the sea which might have been compensation for the insufficiency of Danzig. Here the economic, political, and strategic interests of France are mingled with those of her allies.

FROM GENOA TO LAUSANNE

BY EDOUARD ROSSIER

From *La Semaine Littéraire, February* 17
(Geneva Weekly Review)

Political affairs are highly changeable. Without going so far as La Bruyère, who compares the diplomat to the chameleon and asserts that all his endeavors tend merely to a single end, 'which consists in not being fooled himself, and in fooling other people,' we must admit that statesmen and their underlings reserve to themselves an infinite diversity of implements to achieve their purpose. Sometimes this state of affairs scandalizes unsophisticated souls. Sometimes it even happens that the diplomats' purpose itself has been changed or altered. That is a more serious state of affairs.

Scarcely more than half a year separates the Genoa Conference from

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that of Lausanne, but what a change in the attitudes of the various countries! At Genoa English diplomacy, as represented in the person of Mr. Lloyd George, strove to draw the different nations of Europe together by appealing to their interests. Enthralled by his plan, which was not altogether inspired by pure philanthropy, the British Prime Minister seemed to believe that he had merely to bring the representatives of thirty states face to face in order to see them straightway wind up all their quarrels and fall into each other's arms in a brotherly embrace. In such a hurry to get his congress together, he was exasperated by those who ventured to hinder his endeavors; and, since the Bolsheviki did not condescend to answer, with a plain yes or no, whether they would agree to the conditions on which their admission to the Conference depended, he made haste to announce that their silence was the same thing as an acceptance.

Unfortunately the gentlemen from Moscow did not understand things quite that way. They sought to win the recognition of Europe without troubling about its difficulties. That is to say, they did not want to acknowledge their debts, still less to pay them. Out of this grew a discussion that stretched through weeks and months, with the result that a question which was to have been merely a prologue to the Conference became its principal subject. To diplomatic communications setting forth conditions in Europe, the Bolsheviki replied with still other notes. Before they let anyone see their money they wanted some money given them. Their attitude was deceptive, their manner ironic; and finally in the guise of a formal memorandum they launched a Communist manifesto of the first water, which the newspapers of the world obligingly reproduced for them.

In spite of these pranks, Mr. Lloyd George maintained an unflagging good nature. He seemed to forget that he had set forth to the House of Commons the conditions to which Russia must agree. He granted the Bolsheviki concession after concession, and instead of coming to grips with their demands, which rendered agreement out of the question, he reserved his wrath for those who kept him from going to still further lengths and risking the European cause. He contrived to carry Italy along with him.

The French attitude, on the other hand, was remarkably consistent. Perhaps the delegation at the head of which M. Barthou found himself hesitated more than once on its path under the influence of such a skillful manipulator of men as Mr. Lloyd George. But back in Paris M. Poincaré was watching. He meant to keep the Conference faithful to his own programme. He anticipated nothing but tricks and deceit from the Bolsheviki, whom he regarded as incapable of meeting their colleagues frankly and openly.

The outcome showed that he was right. At Genoa, and later on at The Hague, the representatives of the Soviets were always evasive when definite answers were asked of them. They showed no other desire save that for getting money and at the same time stirring up as much disorder as possible in capitalistic states, where they could never feel themselves more than tolerated. The hesitaters grouped themselves about France; and, when the Conference broke up, the impression was widespread in Europe that it was well that a statesman with definite opinions and energetic character held sway in Paris as an offset to the amusing divagations of the British Prime Minister.

At Lausanne the Western Powers

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presented a more united front than at Genoa — which is not saying very much. They reached an agreement on their Near Eastern programme September 23, and their delegates made praiseworthy attempts to establish a single front and support their position throughout the fray. But something must have happened, for the parts that they played were interchanged. It was England who held firm. No doubt the English delegates made a good many concessions; and, the frame of mind of our period being what it is, it is not surprising to see that those who had neither teeth nor claws for their own defense were destined to the sacrifice — I mean, of course, the Christian peoples who were regretfully turned over to the tender mercies of the Turks.

But there were other matters on which Lord Curzon had no idea of yielding, as the opposing camp speedily discovered. The French and the Italians, on the other hand, judged it expedient to yield the Turk every possible satisfaction. They gave up one position after another without even fixing a point of retirement on which they would stand firm; and, as if this were not enough, the official journals of Paris poured hot shot into the representatives of the Republic, accusing them of playing England's game and of not showing themselves sufficiently conciliatory toward the Turks. For a long time M. Poincaré remained sphinx-like. The French delegates asserted that he was in agreement with them; then he took sides for capitulation. On the last day, he telephoned directions to Lausanne to make every concession that the Turks asked for in order to ensure the signing of the treaty, but by that time, M. Barrère was no longer at the head of the French Delegation. He could not stick to the bitter end in a part which he thought humiliating.

The Ottoman delegates, novices though they were in the fine art of diplomacy, were not lacking in astuteness, and had long ago taken the measure of their opponents. They had nothing but contempt for Governments that knew only how to yield and yield again. Only in England did they see a genuine obstacle. The feelings that furnish motives for some human acts, friendship, gratitude, appear to have had no value in their eyes. They are, moreover, rigorously excluded from the political code. In the end, it was Great Britain to whom the Turks made up their minds to yield in several important respects. They gave up nothing to the other Powers, feeling sure that they could act as they pleased toward them. They were operating beneath the delighted eyes of their Bolshevist allies, who highly appreciated this way of dealing with the rest of Europe; and while the French, with special interests at stake, were ready at the order of their Government to hand over whatever advantages they had won, it was the English who refused to have anything to do with so dangerously mutilated a treaty.

Now all European opinion is in agreement on one point — namely, that Lord Curzon was the great man of the Conference. He steadily maintained a dignified attitude and he remained consistent with himself. In order to maintain faith with his Allies, he refused the separate peace which the Turks offered him. There is a true statesman. One is amazed, on the other hand, at the constantly changing attitude of the French who, after having made all kinds of concessions, ended by undergoing a clear defeat. France is said to have deserved what she got — but what a sudden alteration!

No doubt there is a great difference between one Conference and another,

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but in these two, quite independent of the change of ministry in Great Britain, the positions of the two 'Allies' of Western Europe have been interchanged. At Genoa England endeavored to set up again the European order for the sake of her business. She was convinced that she could accomplish this only when Russia, in one way or another, should have entered again the circle of civilized nations. Hence her constant advances to the Bolsheviki, for whom Mr. Lloyd George, after having frequently attacked them, manifested a strange sympathy; and, while the British Prime Minister spoke of reconciliation and peace between peoples, he occupied himself with making impossible any peace in the Near East, where the Greeks were destined to serve his schemes by fighting the Turks.

At Lausanne, the English Government knew how to retain some at least of the advantages guaranteed her by the Treaty of Sèvres. There was the question of the Straits, which Great Britain was unwilling to hand over to the guardianship of the Angora Government, in which she had not the least confidence. Above all, there was the region of Mosul, where German prospectors had established the existence of an impressive amount of oil.

Everybody knows that, though there was a time when dynastic considerations held first place in the discussions of treaties, to-day it is the great financiers who have taken the places of the kings. Luckily it is harder to follow and comprehend their manœuvres than those of the old kings, for otherwise there would be a fine to-do in the world among the common people. England was persuaded that she would get nothing out of the Turks if she did not show firmness, and the event has justified her.

France distrusted the reconciliation of European Powers of which there was so much talk at Genoa, being convinced that she would pay for it. The German-Bolshevist agreement of Rapallo, which Mr. Lloyd George after his first outburst of indignation appeared to take easily enough, seemed to the French to bode no good. Above all, France feared lest the diplomats might not stand by the treaties already concluded, a manœuvre which would result in lowering a little more the Reparations figure. So she showed herself very rigid in the application of established principles, and she looked forward without dismay to the prospect of a check.

At Lausanne it was quite otherwise. France wished to succeed, for, being ill supported by her Allies in her difference with Germany, she sought to secure justice by her own exertions. She was engaged in a terrific struggle. All other matters sink into insignificance beside the Ruhr. At all costs she must avoid complications in the East. French diplomats, ill informed by their agents, thought that by showing much condescension to the Turks they would win from them the guaranties necessary to protect the great interests which their nation possesses in Asia Minor. France even entered into relations with the Bolsheviki, who might make themselves very disagreeable if they chose to strengthen their bond with Germany. If these considerations do not completely justify the French attitude at Lausanne, they at least explain it.

And yet this lack of cohesion among the Allies is extremely regrettable. To-day all international questions are linked together, whether it is a question of Germany's steady effort to escape from Reparations, or of the lofty pretensions of the National Assembly at Angora. It is all one and the same thing. It is all a question of the

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resistance of the nations conquered in the Great War, who wish to escape from the obligations imposed on them by the treaties.

No doubt these treaties were badly drawn. The Treaty of Versailles saddled Germany with an indefinite sum for Reparations, and bade her submit to her fate before she even knew what it was. The Treaty of Sèvres was impossible of execution at the very moment when it was delivered from the diplomatic workshop. So, from the very moment that the figure of the German debt was made out, everybody knew no such sum would ever be secured.

At one meeting after another of the Supreme Council there was a struggle to reduce it, and the document which was to settle the destinies of Turkey was shown to be so weak that the Governments that had put their signatures to it set themselves to the work of revision barely two and one half years after it had appeared. But the Turks sought merely amelioration of their lot.

In Germany nobody accepted the Treaty of Versailles. The nation that had contrived to persuade herself that she had been treacherously attacked by envious enemies regarded all the financial penalties imposed on her as highly unjust. She presumed to break away completely from this dismal legacy. If all her passion is roused against France, it is because she considers France the only Power that still presumes to respect the Treaty. In Turkey the National Assembly intends not merely to repudiate all the results of the war, but to wipe out all traces of the servitude that Europe has imposed on the Ottoman Empire through long years of history.

We have, then, a revolt of two conquered nations against the state of things set up in Europe and the Near East by the Powers that won the war. This revolt is circumspect in Germany. That nation still confines herself to complaints. But have patience. She is waiting to use every means later on; and, once the liquidation begins, Reparations will not be the only question to come upon the carpet. The Near East, where the Turks think themselves conquerors of the world, is a triumph for her. The Bolsheviki, too, who desire the total ruin of the existing political and social system, are delighted by this disorder, which they endeavor to aggravate by every means in their power.

Confronted by such a danger, the Occidental Powers must unite to save the results of their bloody sacrifices. England and France especially must act in strict unison. But too often their immediate interests draw them apart. They cannot see the woods for the trees. At Genoa, Mr. Lloyd George, wholly intent on his plan for European peace, would have gayly sacrificed France's clearest claims if he could have. At Lausanne, the French, equally desirous to have done with the Turks, faced the possibility of a separate peace, which, however, was not made against them. When will the great statesman arise who will speak to the two peoples in words of wisdom and who will have so much prestige that they will heed his voice?

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PASCAL AND RENAN

BY PAUL BOURGET

From *L'Illustration, February 24*
(ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

THE chance of the calendar brings the tercentenary of Pascal's birth and the centenary of Renan's in this year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three. Two commemorations are to be held — that of the author of *Pensées* at Clermont, and that of the author of *La vie de Jésus* at Paris. I suppose that the linking of these two names, different though they are, has caused a good many people to turn again to some of the masterly pages written by either the one or the other. I at least have done so, and I shall set down here the reflections that this reading has suggested to me — a very modest contribution to that problem of the relation between faith and science which was the constant object of meditation with these two great writers. It is interesting to try to see why they have solved their problem in such diverse ways, and perhaps there may be some useful lessons in this examination.

Let us, in the beginning, note certain points of resemblance, however unexpected, in their genius. The first point of resemblance is the singular audacity of each in criticizing the accepted scale of values. Renan's sallies are famous. For example, the one in which he declares: 'Frivolous folk are the only wise ones.' And again speaking through the mouth of one of his characters in the *Water of Youth:* 'We have all three spent a decorous youth, for we had work to do, but could we conscientiously recommend the same rules of life to people who don't have any work to do?' Now open Pascal's *Pensées* and read these lines: 'The people have thoroughly sound opinions. For example: (1) to have chosen hunting and amusement rather than poetry; (2) to have respected men for their outward appearance as well as for nobility and good deeds.'

I have selected these passages by chance. One could multiply them indefinitely as one might also multiply — apparently a very paradoxical contrast — the instances where they resemble each other in affirming the supreme importance of the religious life.

'Let us then say frankly,' cries Renan, 'that a man is surest to be right when he is most religious and most certain of an infinite future.' And again he says: 'A man is most religious in his best moments. It is when a man is good that he wishes his own virtue to correspond to an eternal order. Why should we not suppose that it is in these moments that a man sees most clearly?'

Pascal himself has not the accent of a piety more fervent when he writes: 'There are only three kinds of people — those who serve God because they have found Him, those who seek Him without having found Him, and those others who live without either seeking or finding. The first group are reasonable, happy people; the last group are irrational and unhappy. Those of the class between are unhappy and rational.' And would not the Jansenist have agreed to the phrase with which

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Renan defined gayety: 'A remarkable forgetfulness of the lot of human kind and its conditions'?

We may properly conclude from such texts as these that we are dealing with two souls of the same race, tormented to the same degree by the need for basing our transitory life upon a force which does not pass away. The analogy will seem still more complete if we recall that both these minds in youth felt an impassioned love for science. Who does not know of Pascal's precocity as a child, and the ardor with which his scarcely formed intelligence applied itself first to geometry, then to physics? Even when his detachment from all earthly things had led him to write, 'Abstract sciences are not suited to man,' the noble pride of the scientific man inspired his cry, so pathetic in the mouth of a sick man whose flesh was growing weaker, 'All human dignity lies in thought.' And what, after all, is science if it is not this: *adæquatio rei et intellectus* — the mind adapting itself to the phenomenal world, of which Spinoza wrote?

Renan himself composed at twenty-five his book, *L'Avenir de la science*, which he never published until his old age, but in which he affirmed his adherence to that creed which he had formulated as a young man in these terms: 'Science alone furnishes the basis in reality essential to life. Conceiving the soul of the individual, after the fashion of Leibnitz, as a mirror reflecting the universe, it is only through science that it can reflect a greater or a smaller portion of the world, and can approach its end, which must be to come into perfect harmony with the totality of things.'

How have two minds, between which at first sight there are so many resemblances, developed so differently that the spirit of Renan may be considered as the very denial of Pascal's spirit and vice versa? Here is an enigma, the key to which can be found only in the sharp contrast between their lives. The life of study which we saw Renan leading, so simple and so austere, in spite of the enormous success of his last years, is certainly not the life of the Port-Royalist with a hair shirt beneath his clothing. But it is far closer to that than to the life of a characteristic child of the nineteenth century.

As with all men of thought, we must seek the password to the destiny of a Pascal or a Renan, not in daily life, but in the mind — in what Taine called the master faculty. In seeking for this master faculty, we may come to understand how, with so many fundamental gifts in common, — such gifts as independence in judgment on society, a predominating concern with religious problems, the taste for scientific methods, — these two men nevertheless ended in spiritual attitudes which were so violently in contradiction.

I have just used the name of Taine. A wholly personal memory comes back to me of a conversation on this subject which I had with Renan about 1888, at the time when the last volume of his admirable work on the *Origines de la France contemporaine* was appearing. 'In my own opinion,' said Renan, — I can give his words almost exactly, for, though I did not jot down at the moment the very words he used, the sense of them has stayed with me to the present day, and especially the form of his metaphor, — 'in my opinion, M. Taine was wrong to regard such a movement as the French Revolution as a problem of psychology. You don't study the tide by analyzing every one of its waves.' It is no more than just for me to add that he qualified his criticism with praise of the fine qualities of the man who was his rival in influencing us who were the young men of that time.

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When I recall after all these years the image of these two finished masters, I love to think that I always found them so deferential toward each other, so wholly free from the dismal fault of envy. Renan's reservation with regard to Taine's masterpiece thus becomes all the more significant. It shows a turn of mind that one may characterize as cosmic, which consists in regarding humanity as swept along by vast and overmastering collective impulses in which the individual plays merely the part of a wave in the sea.

The sentence that I have just quoted from *L'Avenir de la science* speaks of the 'totality of things.' This expression becomes singularly illuminating when one reads another sentence taken from the preface that Renan later wrote for his book: 'I was mistaken in assigning too definitely a central rôle in the universe to humanity. It may be that the whole development of the human race is of no more importance than the moss or the lichen which forms around any moist substance.'

One may guess at the agony of spirit with which Renan slowly worked out this idea — which is more suitable for geologists and astronomers, who seek out the great laws of earthly phenomena taken as a whole — when one realizes that the study of natural sciences was Renan's first passion in the seminary at Issy. He confesses as much to his friend Berthelot in letters which still remain almost authoritative documents of his more intimate thoughts. Philology and history did not come until afterward, and many a time, especially in his *Souvenirs*, he spoke of his regret at having devoted his energy to these highly conjectural sciences and not to others. It seems indeed that he found the latter more convincing than the former.

It is certain, at any rate, that in writing the history which occupied all his mature years — the *Histoire des origines du christianisme*, and the *Histoire du peuple d'Israël* — he constantly sought to minimize the share of individuals. In a very remarkable book, *Le système historique de Renan*, M. Georges Sorel has set down clearly the process by which the author of *La vie de Jésus* extricated himself from the predicament of accounting for the immense achievements of Christianity without bestowing a superhuman character on its Founder. 'He succeeded,' says Sorel, 'thus to a pantheistic conception of the world that was quite in keeping with his talent, filled as it was with subtleties.' And thanks also, he might have added, to the mental intoxication that German philosophy had wrought in him through the agency of his sister Henriette.

One cannot lay too much emphasis on this point. In spite of what he believed himself, doubtless in good faith, Renan did not break with the Church because he found insurmountable difficulties in the sacred texts. 'A thousand difficulties,' said Cardinal Newman profoundly, 'ought not create a doubt.' These philosophic objections — to employ a trivial metaphor — were the hooks on which Hegel's disciple hung up his traditional beliefs when he took them off. He had already discarded them out of admiration for a philosophy that literally made him drunk. Taine underwent the same intoxication. 'I have read Hegel,' he says in his *Philosophes français*, 'every day for an entire year, while I was in the country. It is probable that I shall never again feel such impressions as those which he has given me.'

Such was the hypnotism with which German thought, with its enormous but deceptive scope, struck the young Frenchmen of 1850. It is Renan who says, 'When I learned to know Germany I thought that I was entering a

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temple.' Even after 1870, when the stern logic of events had shown him how badly he had been deceived in 'regarding German culture as a synonym for aspiration after the ideal,' he declared that 'Germany's chief superiority is in the world of the intellect.' He remained the dupe of the prestige of a philosophy that to-day is justly abandoned as fantastic and vain. It consisted in regarding nature as a single being constituted of innumerable groups of phenomena ceaselessly making and unmaking themselves, with the result that nothing in the universe is isolated and nothing is fixed. Knowing consists simply in attaching phenomena to their group, in attaching that group to other groups, and so on indefinitely.

What Hegel calls the 'idea,' Schopenhauer the 'will,' and Hartmann the 'unconscious' — that is, the force that moves among these groups and supports them by ceaselessly renewing them — is of little significance. The essential thing in this philosophy is the notion of the 'eternal becoming.' By logical steps it leads those who accept it to minimize the individual more and more, and to end by considering groups alone. What place can the religious life have in a world that is thus carried along by an unchanging process? The religious life itself is merely a phenomenon like the others, with its fatal conditions of birth, flowering, and transformation. All of Renan's historical method springs from this world view.

There is no place in such a theory for the needs of the human heart, nor — dare I say it? — for man himself. We have seen that Renan went even to this extreme. Did he not write in the important preface to his *L'Avenir de la science:* 'Can science be more eternal than the human race, whose end is determined by the mere fact that it ever commenced?' He took his stand as he wished by sinking tranquilly to rest on this theory of nothingness: 'The Being of which we are the fleeting efflorescence has always existed, and will exist forever.'

Now let us open the *Pensées* of Pascal. He too, as author of *Expériences sur le vide* and of *Traité de la pesanteur de la masse de l'air*, knew the value of natural sciences. 'If they are not true,' he wrote, 'then there is no truth in man.' With what eloquence he pictured the immensity of Nature in whose ample bosom 'all the visible world is nothing but an imperceptible point. In vain we swell our ideas beyond the confines of imagined space. We are but playing with atoms and missing the reality of things!'

But — and it is here that Pascal parts company with Goethe and Renan — in the face of this measureless universe he addresses himself to man. 'We are something,' he says with virile simplicity, 'and yet we are not everything.' But because we are not everything need we conclude that the something which we are counts for nothing? Now it is that he affirms our human dignity in those famous lines which are among the most beautiful, if not absolutely the most beautiful, that the hand of any writer has ever traced. 'Man is nothing but a reed, the weakest thing of nature, but he is a reed that thinks. The universe need not arm itself to stamp him out. A vapor, a drop of water, suffice to slay him, but even at the moment when the universe stamps him out man is still nobler than that which slays him, because he knows that it is slaying, and the universe knows nothing — not even its superior strength.'

Just as one discerns in his sister Henriette, who brought German influences to bear upon him, the deviating influence that disturbed the mind

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of Renan, so one can recognize in Pascal's life the force of his father's discipline. Étienne Pascal was a magistrate. He was president of the *cour des aides* at Clermont; that is, he was a member of a tribunal before which came all cases, criminal as well as civil, where taxes were concerned. We may well fancy that his conversation was tinged by his profession, and that problems of responsibility had a great part in them.

At the same time that the boy's genius for geometry was developing, these conversations were waking a psychological sense within him. The practice of prayer, which was customary in Christian families of the seventeenth century, must have helped to make him feel the value of the inner life. It may be objected that at Saint-Sulpice Renan also underwent this régime. The tone of one of his most frequently quoted sentences hardly indicates that he practised it with much fervor. It is his joking remark to M. Clemenceau over not praying — a jest innocent enough in itself, but one may imagine what horror it would have stirred in Pascal.

For Pascal the religious problem stands thus: How may we find an explanation for the world which will also explain man? Nobody has had a keener sense than he of the tragedy of our destiny — caught in a universe which seems to ignore us, lost in this infinity of space whose silence terrifies. No one laments more bitterly the inner contradiction which causes our will to be constantly perverted and our noblest efforts to bear within themselves an element of corruption. Pascal's grandeur consists in having interpreted this anguish with incomparable passion and sincerity. The weakness of Renan consists in having evaded it.

If these few notes of mine, which are necessarily hasty and incomplete, are to be trusted, Pascal and Renan appear as the two most important representatives of the two possible solutions of the problem of human destiny. The ability of the author of the *Histoire des origines du christianisme* is of a high order. The fascination of his intricate thought is highly appealing. I do not believe his sincerity is to be called in question, any more than his science. On this latter point I ask no better proof than his influence on those very German exegetes whose pupil he had been in the beginning. Georges Sorel could say of him with perfect fairness, 'All the really able men who took up anew the question that he dealt with have owed something to his theories. As you read Harnack's lectures on the essence of Christianity, you have no difficulty in discerning that the most noted representative of German science to-day leans heavily upon the Frenchman whom the German universities formerly treated contemptuously as a man of letters and a mere popularizer.'

This is quite true, and it is enough to explain the great prestige that he enjoyed in the eyes of the men of my generation — the generation which lived through twenty years after the war of 1870. I am told that the young people of to-day are rebellious against this influence, from which their elders also are more and more freeing themselves. It is because Renan's world vision necessitates an unpleasant distortion of reality. In the end, it assigns man the place of an epiphenomenon. Now to explain the universe without explaining man is as false as to pretend to explain the world in terms of man, which is what the old anthropomorphism attempted. The world exists, and so does man. When Pascal shows that they are incommensurable one with the other, he is quite right.

To appeal once more to the passage

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I have already quoted, one cannot compare humanity to an unimportant moss or lichen without neglecting that evidence of humanity's greatness which consists — an anomaly that Pascal was quick to mark — in understanding our own wretchedness. 'As men gain more light they discover the grandeur and wretchedness in man. Man, in a word, knows that he is wretched. He is wretched because he is wretched, but he is great because he recognizes his own wretchedness.'

The problem of fate can thus be seen in the clear light of day: we are a part of the universe and yet we are apart from it. It has its laws to which we are subject, which we endure or which slay us, but which are external to our souls. These are irreducible to pure mechanism. To reduce our soul to a chemical secretion is to deny it, but it is not to explain it. To make the soul an aspect of the group that precedes and survives it (and also ignores it) is but another way of denying both the soul and the feelings for justice and light and love which constitute its essence.

Pascal comes and says to you simply: 'Pray as the humble do.' Now what are the words that these humble people say? — 'Our Father which art in heaven. . . .' These words contain the whole religious creed to which I, for my own modest part, adhere absolutely. They assert the existence within every one of us, and yet outside us, of an energy that has created us, knows us, loves us. It has created us and it sustains us; it is conscious of us and of itself. How then can unintelligence emerge from intelligence? How can love emerge from anything but love?

What does the blind man ask in that moving gospel which we read in the Mass of Quinquagesima Sunday: '*Domine, fac ut videam*' — 'Lord, make me to see'? And, like a response to that appeal interpreted in its spiritual sense, one of Saint Paul's Epistles says: 'For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.'

This need for the human feeling in human life, this certainty that the darkness about us, in which we are struggling, will one day be illumined by the light of solution, and that even now we possess signs and traces of that light — that is all of Pascal. What deep chords he stirs in us, which Renan, with all the magic of his style, can never reach! Truly in Pascal, to recall another of his sentences, we have not an author but a man. Let us hail in the *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse*, in the *Réforme intellectuelle et morale*, and in so many other of his writings, the work of a great artist and an observer who is frequently keen; but let us seek in the *Pensées* of Pascal the lessons of suffering and death that are the great teaching.

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THE CHINESE ORIGINATORS OF EUROPE'S INVENTIONS

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

From *La Nouvelle Revue, January 15*
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

OUR twentieth century, the golden age of the motor, the airship, and electricity, proud of its recent inventions and their ingenious applications, is sometimes unfair to ages gone by. We moderns have too often a tendency to smile at our predecessors. The excuse, no doubt, is that we sin through ignorance like *nouveaux riches* who, carried away by pride in their new possessions, look with contempt on the teachings of the past. The little essay that I am writing here is designed to show those people who are wholly occupied with their own century that some rein is needed in their beatific admiration of modernity.

We hear a good deal of talk nowadays about the miracles of the 'electric fairy,' but we do not hear quite so much about those of the 'explosive-motor fairy' or the 'steam-engine fairy' — no doubt because these expressions do not sound quite so poetic or else because these particular fairies have all begun to show signs of age. However this may be, these fairies are really very old ladies.

They belong to a world of marvels, to a time when animals talked— a time too when men hardly cared to think, which saved them the trouble of inventing things. But we must find out whether Chinese civilization is not still older, for it is a civilization whose traces can be found nearly two thousand years before our era; and here no fairy is concerned at all. It is a question simply of some men whose works are curiously like the inventions of our modern magicians.

As everybody knows — it is a commonplace to mention it — the Chinese understood the art of the sea compass and of printing long before us Europeans. The Arabs, who were using the sea compass during the Middle Ages, attributed the discovery of its magnetic properties to Aristotle, but the Greeks themselves had been anticipated in this discovery by the Chinese. Perhaps the Greeks had made its acquaintance by way of India or Egypt. Indeed there are texts that show the Chinese twelve centuries before our era using a kind of wagon equipped with an instrument that pointed always toward the north; and according to Humboldt it was the compass that guided them across the immense steppes of Tatary.

So far as printing is concerned it has always been believed that stereotyped wooden plates were invented by the Chinese about the year 932 of our era; but the works of the sinologue Stanislas Julien have shown that this invention actually dates from the year 593. A text of this period remarks: 'It was decreed that drawings and unpublished texts should be collected and engraved on wood for publication.' If Europe had been in touch with China about the end of the sixth century it would have learned the art of printing eight hundred years sooner than it did. This invention was brought to its highest pitch of perfection in China in the eleventh century, thanks to the metal

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worker, Pi Cheng, who devised movable characters in baked earth.

As for lithography, which came to Europe in the first years of the nineteenth century, it was employed by the Chinese in ancient times to reproduce the autographs of celebrities. Later on, in the year 993, an imperial decree directed that the manuscripts of ancient authors of the Wei and Tsin dynasties be carved on stone and reproduced by the press.

But I refer to these ancient discoveries merely to recall them. Let us pass on to other facts not so well known and to inventions which are more recent — or which at least we Europeans think more recent. In 1823 there appeared in Europe for the first time a bridge suspended on steel cables — a daring and elegant method of contsruction that astounded the public. But it would have been a blunder to extol the merits of such an invention to a Chinese traveling among us. He would have smiled — and been more than ever convinced of his country's superiority in everything. He would have believed more than ever that China was the centre of the world, for as a matter of fact the Chinese have been acquainted with suspension bridges from time immemorial.

Their most ancient historians write of bridges hung on iron chains or on rattan. Such structures seemed strange to the missionaries who reached China. They called them 'flying bridges' and one recounts his horror as he felt the bridge swing beneath his steps as he crossed a deep chasm.

In Europe people ridiculed these travelers' tales and treated the accounts of the missionaries as mere stories. Later on, when they received verification, the attitude of distrust persisted and the old bridges, dangling on their rusty chains, were held in derision. Then came forgetfulness; and when in 1823 the suspension bridge was introduced in Europe, not on rusty chains, but on new steel cables, people applauded the engineers' amazing ingenuity.

After the bridges come roadways. McAdam was accused of plagiarism when he brought into notice the system of stone surfaces for roadways which bears his name. It is possible to prove that under the administration of Monsieur Turgot in Limousin the roadways of that province had been 'macadamized' long before. But is it certain that McAdam was copying the former process?

It is more probable that he drew his inspiration from a report made by the secretary of the Macartney Mission to China. This secretary, whose name was Staunton, had been struck in the course of his travels with the methods employed by the Chinese in building their roads. On his return he explained all this to his father's engineer, McAdam. The model roads that were afterward built near Bristol according to McAdam's plans are oddly reminiscent of the Chinese roadways reported upon by Macartney's secretary.

In agriculture the Chinese, who are farmers par excellence, have not waited for European chemical discoveries to increase the yield of their fields by fertilization. They have supplemented their ignorance of vegetable organisms, their nutrition and development, by exact observation and practical intelligence.

At a time when Europe had not the least notion of fertilizing principles, the Chinese were conducting various experiments with artificial fertilizers, the refuse of dried hemp, oil cakes, and oyster shells. These ancient farmers were particularly advanced in irrigation. They had invented a large machine to carry water from the river, which ran at a lower level, up to the

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surrounding fields. Two proverbs that have come down from ancient Chinese texts prove the antiquity of their knowledge of fertilizers: 'Manure must be saved like gold'; 'It is better to fertilize the fields you have than to buy new ones.'

The inventive spirit of the ancient Chinese excels in still another field. Though Europe has had some knowledge of developing mineral wealth for about two centuries, the Chinese were employing their knowledge in ancient times. We must not draw a naïve comparison between our modern processes and the crude methods employed by the Chinese. It is enough to show who first had the idea. The invention is the main thing, all the rest is merely a matter of perfecting; and so, when we boast of the use of iron and brass in certain constructions, let us remember the brass pagoda constructed on a hill near Tsing Kiang fou that dates from about the twelfth century.

German silver, an alloy which we Europeans once valued, is merely an imitation of an invention long known in China under the name of *pai t'ong*, or white steel, which is obtained by fusing red steel with arsenic. The Chinese have long been past-masters in the art of making alloys, the best examples that we can mention being the manufacture of gongs and tom-toms.

These instruments, with their perfect tones, whose origin is mingled with the legendary origin of their inventors, have stirred experts to admiration, and in vain have they tried to imitate them. Chemical analysis has determined the composition of the tom-toms, but the details of their manufacture, the knack of the artisans, remain mysteries. It is the same with those vases of ancient bronze, so treasured by collectors, of which to-day we have only occasional samples.

Dye-making, an industry which has been so prosperous in Germany during the last few years, long ago yielded its secrets to the Chinese, the first dyers in the world. The saffron flower, which gives a fine red color, was imported during the Han dynasty, 115 B.C. It was intensively cultivated and soon spread through the whole empire, for use in the manufacture of red dye. Indigo was extracted from five plants. Finally Chinese green, whose chemical composition was sought in vain, drew the attention of Europe. Thanks to the interest of the consul de Montigny it was learned that this green was derived by a complicated process from the bark of a thorn tree. A clever manufacturer at Lyon hit upon the idea of using a similar wood. He obtained the shade he desired and was able to sell fabrics of Chinese green.

Is it any use to recall here the wonderful varnishes that the Chinese have been extracting from a tree since ancient times and that similiar processes in our own industries have never been able to equal? With this varnish the Chinese have been able to produce exquisite lacquer work that is forever forbidden to modern quantity-producers.

We must not leave the subject of colors without giving a word about *secrets de beauté*. Ancient authors show that the custom of painting the face goes back to the Tcheou dynasty, 1116 B.C. Chinese rouge at this time was prepared by mingling a syrupy coloring extract with fat or white lead. It is easy to see that the fondness of improving on nature among Eve's daughters is at least as old as nature itself. You charming ladies of the twentieth century, who no doubt sometimes wield your lip-sticks and eyebrow pencils with perfect taste, join hands across the centuries with your sisters, those Chinese ladies who beautified themselves with colored fats. You are indeed daughters of the same mother!

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In the weaving of fabrics, China has taught us to make use of the fibres of ramie and nettle fibre. In 1841 a missionary returned from China and told how thread made from ramie fibre had been woven into beautiful and delicate cloth in China from the most ancient times. Nobody listened to him until the English took up the idea and imported nettle fibre, which they called China grass, and used it in their silk fabrics with the greatest success.

If the spirit of routine, whether in science or industry, did not paralyze the Chinese spirit until it becomes a perpetual paradox, what practical inventions might not have been known to the Chinese ages ago! But a brilliant idea, an invention, has scarcely begun among them before it is brought to a halt, without any general development. This is the history of Chinese civilization, which has itself been crystallized for centuries. Later the people of the West take up the original Chinese idea, and it flashes out as a modern invention — a second-hand invention, one might almost say.

Our illuminating gas is a typical example. The soil of China is rich in deposits of mineral oil, and for a long time the Chinese have drawn off these combustible oils by means of wells. Sometimes these liquid deposits were under such pressure that they burst out through the surface of the soil in the form of black vapors. We have a description of a salt works, whose hot rooms were heated by means of gas drawn from a well, and carried through bamboo tubes to the factory. With another extension of this primitive piping they lighted the courtyard and outbuildings. Other accounts tell us of the lighting of cities by the same process. All this was in the sixteenth century. Europeans would have smiled at such stories and declared them to be fables, until long afterward Europeans themselves began to study the composition of similar gases and to ask if it were not possible to reproduce them artificially.

Gunpowder was made in 400 B.C. The Chinese made several kinds by mixing it with arsenic or cinnabar. All these powders were in big grains, which either burst firearms or swiftly wore them out. It seemed as if these peaceful people did not invent the powders so much as a means of destruction as for a pretty pyrotechnic toy. The Chinese have always been fond of fireworks, and they were for a long time unrivaled in their beautiful flowers, symbolic animals, and sheaves of fire in all shades. They reached perfection in producing fruit, especially grapes, in their natural colors by mingling, according to the color desired, camphor, white lead, indigo, and cinnabar. These fireworks were topped off with beautiful flaming swans, which escaped from their places to glide out over the waters of a neighboring lake before they sank hissing into its depths.

Dare we speak of ancient Chinese medicine? Yes, we may well let our modern doctors smile when we recall the theory of 'humours' of the eighteenth century, which after all is not very far removed from our time. We can easily recall what was the condition even of modern medicine before Pasteur's day — and that is only yesterday.

In the fifth century before our era a certain Pien-ts'iao declared war on Sorcery, which before that time had made the diagnosis, the physician being nothing but the executor of the sorcerer's will. Pien-ts'iao invented the Chinese theory of the pulse. An anæsthetic, whose effects were like those of ether or chloroform, was used in China in 220 A.D. by the surgeon Haoua-t'ouo. This is established beyond doubt by the text of Kou kin yi

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tong, which was brought to the attention of the Academy of Sciences in 1849 by Stanislas Julien.

The Chinese anæsthetic, known as *ma yao*, — that is to say, 'the remedy which takes away feeling,' — was extracted from Indian hemp, which also yields hashish. The old Chinese text tells us, 'Haoua-t'ouo gave a dose of *ma yao* to the patient, who a few minutes later became unconscious — that is, as though he were deprived of life. As the case demanded, Haoua-t'ouo would operate upon the person or amputate, and remove the cause of the sickness. Then he would draw the tissues together at the point of incision and apply ligatures. After a few days the sick man was on his feet again without having felt the least pain during the operation.' This text from the year 220 makes the controversy over who first discovered ether seem childish.

The Chinese inventive spirit found an application for mercury in a very amusing way. Little puppets were devised whose bodies contained a drop of mercury, causing the little manikin to jump about in the oddest way. Have we not here the origin of those mechanical toys that are the joy of every child on the Boulevard?

While we are on the subject, let us not forget those Chinese charlatans who traveled over China exhibiting their magic eggs. These eggs had characters and designs in relief on their shell. These were made by drawing with a fatty substance and then plunging the egg into vinegar. The acid dissolved the calcareous matter of the shell, leaving the parts protected by the fat standing out in relief. Is not this Chinese experiment like our process of etching?

It is interesting to note these examples of ancient Chinese inventive genius. Without exaggerating the merits of the old Chinese, without wishing to claim for them precedence in all our discoveries, it is fascinating to turn back to these thousand-year-old 'hints,' which might have had practical development and become 'scientific,' if the original idea had not been mummified from the very moment of its emergence from the Chinese mind. With this people, application has never followed the idea. It conceives, it sketches out, but it falls back into lethargy, leaving to the peoples in the West the energetic effort before which it recoils.

Alluding to certain French discoveries that have never left the laboratory, and that others have later turned to good account, Schopenhauer has called the French the Chinese of Europe. Personally, I do not find that bad company if I may believe Voltaire, who wrote: 'Inventors will always hold first place in the memory of mankind.'

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WILLIAM AND WALDERSEE

BY ZUBERKLOSS

From *Das Demokratische Deutschland, February* 3 *and* 10
(HAMBURG DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY)

'It is perhaps wrong of me to put all this on paper; I trust it will remain long undiscovered. On the other hand, truth must be served, and notes such as these will be indispensable for the future historian of this very peculiar Kaiser and character.'
— *Memoirs* of FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, Vol. II, p. 302.

ASTONISHMENT on all sides. No escape from it. Wherever you open the book, from the middle of the first volume on, you shake your head, ask yourself whether you are dreaming, and shake your head again. Is it possible that this was written by that General whom William II honored above all others, in fact raised to the rank of Field-Marshal? Did he write this down, day by day, without a faltering of the pen? And his own nephew, likewise a General by the grace of William, is willing to publish all this to the world in the day of the young Republic which he hates, and during the lifetime of the uncrowned man of Doorn? Ah, if he were not at Doorn, but still on the throne, how soon the name of the dead uncle would be dropped from the army list and from the scroll of the Prussian orders, and how quickly the living nephew, accused and convicted of *lèse-majesté* and high treason to the thousandth degree, would be cast into prison for all time with the usual loss of all civil rights!

'Oh, would to God that I were in a position to say something good about the Kaiser at least once in a while!' writes William's favorite in his diary. But the honest chronicler was in a position to set down more evil things about his Kaiser than any sworn enemy of the monarchy or the most malignant Communist would ever dare.

And yet Count Alfred von Waldersee was the confidential friend and the political schoolmaster of Prince William. And a very satisfactory one. To him the Crown Prince, later the Emperor Frederick, was 'a very weak man,' without settled opinions, and extremely uncertain in his aims, greatly prejudiced in favor of liberal ideas, as he notes in his diary under the date November 25, 1883. 'Quite different is his son, Prince William, who is already a man of character and forms decided opinions of his own. As weak as the father is, just so unyielding will be the son.'

On March 14, 1885: 'The Prince was here a long time. . . . I have stopped making notes of his visits, as he comes so often; sometimes every day. I feel that he is much nearer to me now, and I believe that I have read his mind and heart. He certainly has the stuff to make a brilliant future out of. He is clever, industrious, lively, and persistent in following up an idea. He possesses a hard head, and already shows decidedly conservative tendencies, and a marked conception of his future duties. To all appearances he likes and trusts me.'

Two months before this, on January 16, Waldersee had written: 'Possibly he has n't exactly too much heart; but in my opinion this is a good thing for him and his future.'

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Waldersee devoutly hoped for the coming of a great war; 'but how can we ask that of an eighty-eight-year-old Kaiser and a seventy-year-old Chancellor?' he complains on October 15, 1885. Both on November 1, 1886, and January 27, 1887, he sets it down frankly as a sacred duty 'even to force a war with France.' He is therefore delighted to be able to note, under the date February 15, 1887: 'Prince William is naturally very bellicose, and regrets that matters seem to be somewhat more peaceful lately. My opinion, that things would begin to move again rapidly when we increased the army, pleased him greatly.'

Unfortunately, Bismarck was averse to war. On November 17, 1887, Waldersee notes: 'Since we are fully prepared, consistency demands that we make up our minds immediately to make war.' In furtherance of this idea, he advises Prince William to get permission to be present at all councils presided over by the Kaiser. He demands 'action.' It is better to 'seize the initiative than to leave it to the enemy.'

At this time the General exercised such an influence over the Prince that he was able to persuade both Prince and Princess William to attend a meeting in the General-Staff building, at which Stöcker, the well-known Jew-baiting court preacher, was to be eulogized. The Prince spoke of him as the 'modern Luther,' while Bismarck savagely attacked all kinds of 'Stöckerism and bigotry.' On the same occasion, the Chancellor protested against Waldersee's war lust. Concerning this charge, Waldersee is filled with mockery and derision: it all came from jealousy and the fear that 'I might cut out "dear Herbert," Bismarck's son, in the Prince's good graces.' 'I took the liberty of giving Prince William a little information concerning his friend Herbert Bismarck, and he seemed in no way annoyed at it,' he writes on December 15, 1887, in his *Memoirs*.

Two days later there was a council at the Imperial Palace — Moltke, Waldersee, the Minister of War, General Albedyll, and, for the first time, Prince William. Subject: a two-front war with France and Russia. 'The dear old gentleman (the Kaiser) begins to grow pretty feeble,' notes Waldersee. For again the Kaiser expressed no desire at all for war, and warned the Prince to make no mention of the meeting. 'The Chancellor, too,' observes Waldersee about New Year's, 'is no longer the same as of old. The "world war" is not far off and we are the ones to start it, but the Kaiser absolutely refuses, and the Chancellor manifests still less desire. . . . Bismarck declares it his duty to avoid war. . . . Our foreign policy is carried on in an extremely pacifist manner, and to our disadvantage,' repeats Waldersee bitterly.

Fortunately, an apparently permanent coolness between Prince William and the Bismarck family seemed to be brewing. Certain newspapers began to attack the 'so-called military war-party.' 'I am in a position to prove that these articles emanate from Bismarck.' In exchange, Waldersee had now won 'a particularly favorable standing with Prince William,' as he notes on February 2.

Then came the death of the old Kaiser. Waldersee lost no time in suggesting to Prince William, now Crown Prince, 'with the greatest frankness,' that 'the new Kaiser and his Empress would in all probability commit so many blunders that the Prince's future would be very favorably prepared for.' Day in and day out intimate interviews between William and Waldersee. On April 6, 1888, the General writes, 'If Kaiser Frederick

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were a man he would kick the Chancellor out to-day.' On April 8: 'I still think we ought to go to war with Russia and France now, while we have Austria and Italy as allies. . . . That Bismarck refuses to recognize this is a fatal mistake.'

The Emperor Frederick contemplated the transfer of the General to another post in order to make an end of his mischievous influence upon the Crown Prince, but nothing was done. Waldersee sarcastically remarks in his diary that customs had become strangely milder. 'One hundred and fifty years ago, Katte lost his head on account of his evil influence with the Crown Prince, while I am to get the command of an army corps for the same offense!'

'Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,' were William and Waldersee during the fateful ninety-nine days of Frederick's reign, and not less so thereafter. The General was made honorary chief of a regiment — the highest military distinction — and became the great Moltke's successor as Chief of the General Staff. He felt himself already the 'coming man.' To be sure, he does not precisely confess that he desires the post of Chancellor, but he writes on February 9, 1889, 'when one or two of his (Bismarck's) successors have broken their necks, something might be said about it.' And on March 1, 1890, he observes that, while he certainly does not care to be Bismarck's successor, yet, 'in case the Kaiser desires to abolish universal suffrage and cannot make use of Bismarck in that contingency, I offer myself for the task.'

He rejoiced at that time at his relations with the young Kaiser — 'better ones are not possible.' William 'is very considerate, and always of my mind.' In fact, he felt things going so well that doubts arose in his mind whether the situation could last. Alas, the end was nearer than he imagined, and not only in outward things, but in the opinion of the quondam favorite concerning his imperial patron.

The *Memoirs* shed a totally new light upon the manner in which Waldersee, with Count Philipp Eulenburg and other conspirators, set to work to bring about the fall of Bismarck.

With a brutal cynicism without parallel, the great Chancellor was branded as a liar and a cheat, an inefficient, dogmatic, tyrannical blackguard. In fact, terms are used in the manuscript of such a foulness that the editor dared not print them, substituting for them merely the conventional line of dots. Waldersee represents the Kaiser as invariably hostile to Bismarck. But 'the problem is to coach the Kaiser aright, for, with all his faults, the Chancellor is still a clever and extremely cunning character. . . . Under no circumstances must it be thought that the Kaiser wants to get rid of Bismarck,' he writes on January 12, 1890.

Three days later he writes to Eulenburg that when the break came it was most important that public opinion should not be with the Chancellor. The contrary must happen, 'which I don't think should be difficult.' The Kaiser must be given to understand that the Chancellor is 'engaged in serious financial operations in connection with the Bourse, especially with Bleichröder' (at this point more apologetic dots). Under the date January 25, the diary records: 'The Kaiser is in a very excited state of mind and complains bitterly of the Chancellor, whose lies he has now discovered for himself.' On February 14, Waldersee says, having already a few days before prophesied the Chancellor's fall, 'the moment is by no means unfavorable for the Kaiser.'

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He said to Hinzpeter (court preacher) in so many words that 'the Chancellor must be got out of the way.' Unfortunately, the kindly Moltke, 'whose perceptions are no longer very clear,' sought to persuade Bismarck to stick to his post; but nevertheless, and luckily, the 'smash' was unavoidable, so Waldersee jots down contentedly that 'the Kaiser is only play-acting a little.'

But all the same, matters went far too slowly, and on March 15, in the Kaiser's presence, he took the liberty of speaking openly, 'and this time unsparingly,' about Bismarck, who had made a botch of the whole situation — in case the Chancellor did not resign, the Kaiser ought to dismiss him, and that 'as soon as possible.' 'Under the circumstances, it is impossible for Your Majesty to bother longer with the Chancellor. . . . I beg to suggest that Your Majesty come to a decision in regard to the personal question, and then act. I pray God your Majesty may hold your head high and choose the right man!'

William gave him his hand with a smile, saying: 'I think it will be all right. Weidmannsheil!' (huntsman's greeting, a jovial sporting expression). More blushing spots, denoting unprintable expressions in the journal.

On the following day the General denies, to himself, the vanity of wishing to be Chancellor — in that position his excellent relations with the Kaiser might suffer. However, 'if he should actually order me to take the post of Chancellor, I would look at the matter purely as a soldier, and do what I was told.'

Alas for hopes, alas for scheming! Not alone with Bismarck, but with Waldersee as well, was William playing. To the very last he kept the General in ignorance that, fully three weeks before, he had arranged with Caprivi to take Bismarck's place! On the seventeenth of March, he was still kotowing to the Kaiser in high hopes: 'I shall be happy when Your Majesty acts!' And the next day the clouds opened and let our hero fall to earth — disillusioned. On that day we read: 'It looks now as if the Kaiser had chosen Caprivi.' Tableau!

Very shortly afterward, on March 21, the journal states: 'Unfortunately, I have had a misunderstanding with the Kaiser.' This was in connection with the critique of the examination in tactics. 'The Kaiser's remarks made a very poor impression.' Everybody present 'recognized the incorrectness and the immaturity of his opinions. . . . It was most regrettable that the Kaiser, in his overvaluation of his accomplishments, exposed himself so sadly.' Even in solving the second tactical problem he had the . . . . . weakness to ask to see the solution, which was already done, and then to start working.

In spite of all, Waldersee did endeavor to reconquer the Kaiser's favor, and advised him to take steps against and to 'muzzle' the old retired Chancellor, who had begun to fulminate from Friedrichsruh, asserting, among other things, that it had been planned before his fall to confine him in the fortress of Spandau. But Waldersee's docile pupil was tired of squabbling. 'I am sorry to say,' says the General, 'that he is mostly ruled by vanity.' And soon after: 'Very disagreeable is his mania for popularity, which is becoming more and more evident,' and his 'pronounced inclination to play soldier,' his 'constant sport of alarming garrisons,' his 'setting his own opinions above those of experienced people.'

By August 11, 1890, he has already come to the sad conclusion that William possesses no independent views

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in any field of activity, and does n't know what he wants himself: 'One thought dominates his every act — personal popularity. Together with this are a feeling of anxiety for his personal safety and increasing vanity. I always regarded the Emperor Frederick as a very vain man, who loved to pose and attitudinize, but the present Kaiser far outdoes him. He fairly yearns for orations, and loves nothing so much as hurrah-yelling crowds. Being fully persuaded of his own accomplishments — a conviction that unfortunately rests on a very weak basis — he is extremely sensitive to flattery. He is very fond of playing the rôle of a Mæcenas, throwing money about in the most careless way. All this has developed so quickly that I find myself falling from one surprise into another.'

Well, yes; 'all this' certainly developed since the 'coming man' found out the meaning of the Kaiser's 'Weidmannsheil!' From that time on William committed a whole series of 'extremely rash acts.' 'Is there anybody left whose life is safe?' he asks with misgiving. In his bitterness he even holds the Kaiser up to ridicule. During manœuvres, the Kaiser has only a sense of the drill-ground. He rushes here and there and interferes clumsily with the command. He 'wants to be the victor on all occasions, and is offended when the judgment of the umpires goes against him.' Waldersee makes him out very much of a vanquished leader of troops.

Very soon Caprivi approached him with the invitation to take the position of Commanding General at Stuttgart, on which occasion he was to receive the order of the Black Eagle, and a flattering citation from the Imperial Cabinet. But Waldersee refused. He preferred to remain in Berlin as Chief of the General Staff, and noted in his journal that 'the Kaiser dislikes to appear dependent on me. . . . And yet what dilettantism he shows, especially in military matters. If he should insist upon the command in time of war, a catastrophe would inevitably follow.' Nobody had any more hope for the future now, for the Kaiser 'is certainly not the right man to lead the Fatherland in times of threatening danger. He ascended the throne decidedly too soon. . . . Following upon his highly developed megalomania has come the conviction that he represents something very exceptional.'

Then more mockery and derision of the Kaiser playing soldier, lightning changes of uniform, ridiculous cavalry-tactics, spectacular pageants, irresolution and inconstancy, dislike of work, and unreliability. 'To-day he flirts with one party and to-morrow with another.'

On October 4, Waldersee is commanded to make a personal report to the Kaiser. 'He certainly shall not get the impression that I am afraid of him, or that he can overawe me,' he writes. However, once again the storm passed by without breaking. More laments follow concerning the Kaiser's love of tale-bearing. 'We always complained that Bismarck played fast and loose with characters, but here we see the same tendency, only in much more extensive and dangerous form.'

By January 17, 1891, Waldersee has progressed so far in his feeling toward the Kaiser that he ridicules the presentation of the latter's portrait to the German Embassy in Paris. 'He stands there in an unbelievably aggressive pose, decked out in the uniform of the Gardes-du-Corps, with black breastplate and purple mantle, leaning upon a marshal's baton. Everybody must note the intention of browbeating the French. The portrait made a mournful impression on me: it

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shows him to the world as he really thinks and feels. . . . Well, we shall not be able to pronounce a final judgment for ten or twenty years yet. If he shall have accomplished great things by that time, the portrait is an excellent one; if not, then it is simply ridiculous.'

Then, however, was Time's cycle full, and the lightning struck. On January 27, William II conferred upon General von Waldersee not the Order of the Black Eagle, but only the Grand Cross of the Hohenzollern Order, with the remark that he wished to give him a proof of his favor on his birthday. At the same time the Kaiser informed him that he contemplated giving him the command of an army corps to afford him scope for his talents as a leader.

At last, then! To leave Berlin! He was ordered to Altona and refused; but William remained obstinate. 'I want you up there to keep an eye on Prince Bismarck, who has been getting very nasty again lately, and is intriguing against me.' And then: 'The Chief of the General Staff from now on will be only a sort of amanuensis for me, and for that I need a younger man.' Waldersee still resisted — would not the Kaiser consider the matter once more? And in the journal we read: 'He wants to be his own Chief of the General Staff! God save the Fatherland!'

Waldersee sent in his resignation from the army — and withdrew it. He went to Altona — into 'exile.' 'Transferred for administrative purposes,' as he puts it. 'The Kaiser has really not behaved fairly to me. . . . He is a wavering rush.' And he adds maliciously: —

'March, 1890, the Kaiser declared, "If Windthorst (head of the great Clerical Party) enters my Palace I will have him arrested by a subcorporal and three men!"

'December, 1890. Parliamentary dinner at the Palace of the Chancellor. The Kaiser consented, after some hesitation, to the invitation to Windthorst, and conversed a long time with him privately.

'January, 1891. (1) Windthorst falls downstairs and injures himself. The Kaiser asks, "Would it be too much for me to send my adjutant to ask about him?" (2) The Kaiser looks over the list of invited guests for the next court ball, and inquires, "Why is n't Windthorst's name here?"

'Why then should one wonder about anything?'

During the years at Altona, the General constantly nursed the hope of becoming Chancellor, but nevertheless kept on using quarts of ink for the purpose of belittling his Kaiser, who was convinced that he understood everything, even to understanding it better than other people, whereas he 'really had no thorough knowledge of anything, nor was capable of any positive aim.' The trouble with his ear seemed to be more serious than was thought at first. After all, was n't his mind diseased? Years ago General Wittich pointed out a certain predisposition to Cæsarism.

Volkszeitung was right: William was not to be taken seriously; the Russian Ambassador, Shuvalov, often said that, and Waldersee repeatedly records the same opinion. He relates that Count Philipp Eulenburg had encouraged the Kaiser in his spiritualistic tendencies, and had him consult a medium in Munich. 'In a state of trance, and supposedly ignorant of the Kaiser's presence, she was asked what the Kaiser had to expect from a certain friend in Russia — the Tsar was meant, of course. If the monarch can be played upon in such fashion, the welfare of the country is irretrievably in the hands of swindlers. Frederick William II and Bischoffswerder!' This is dated November 18, 1891.

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On December 23, 1893, he again refers to the Kaiser's mysticism and spiritualistic dabbling: 'A hundred years ago Bischoffswerder and his accomplices were playing their deadly game.' This is an allusion to the swindling of the then King in the Charlottenburg Palace, when, together with Cagliostro, he invoked spirits, made gold, and discovered the stone of wisdom.

Only Waldersee might have been somewhat moved by gratitude toward Frederick William II. The General's grandfather was the illegitimate son of the reigning Prince of Anhalt, and received from the Prussian King, instead of the mother's plebeian name, the title of Count von Waldersee, from an old ruined castle near Dessau.

The General welcomed all kinds and descriptions of gossip about the Kaiser, for example that — a sure sign of personal cowardice — he was having a tower of steel built in such a situation as to command the Spree and its bridges. Again, that the Kaiser cheated when solving the tactical problems of the War College, secretly getting hold of the solutions before beginning to work. '*Le roi s'amuse.*' Nobody had any more confidence in him. He even belittled his grandfather as a senile weakling. He proscribed Bismarck; in fact, Waldersee now began to proclaim the Kaiser's bad treatment of Bismarck as a crime. He does not speak of the Kaiser yet as 'Guillaume le timide,' but he records the fear, confessed fear, of the Russians, and calls the monarch's visit to Friedrichsruh a farce. 'Was it necessary to deprive himself of such a force, such authority? Would it not have been better for everybody to preserve Bismarck for us?'

In a word, Waldersee breathes gall and wormwood in speaking of the monarch whom he once so idealized. There is no book, either in German or in any other language, in which William II is held up to scorn and contempt in so pitiless a manner as in these *Memoirs* of the man whom he afterward raised to the rank of field-marshal, indeed world-marshal, as Waldersee in a sense was when he commanded the allied Anti-Boxer expedition in China. For the opponents of the monarchy and the Hohenzollerns, they are an inexhaustible mine. And all too much of what the author records is true and historically important, irrespective of the many trivialities.

'If the war comes and we lose it, the Republic will appear, and the Hohenzollerns can retire into exile,' writes Waldersee on April 26, 1892. And under the date July 12, we may read the pessimistic reflection of General von Wittich: 'The collapse is coming, and when it arrives the Kaiser will fasten the blame upon others.'

So prophesied — so fulfilled. But Waldersee, as well as William, must bear his portion of the blame. He was, to quote the dictum of Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe, 'one of the most dangerous political generals who ever belonged to the German Army.'

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LADY OLYMPIA'S SWAN-SONG

BY FELIX DÖRMANN

From *Neue Freie Presse, February* 18
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

IN spite of the representations of the court physician and the protestations of his special favorite, the mechanician Torriano, His Spanish Majesty, Carolus Quintus, crotchety and obstinate as he had got to be in his old age, had insisted upon taking the chief part in the ceremonial rehearsal of his obsequies in the cold church of the Convent of St. Just. The King-Emperor would allow nobody but himself to impersonate the illustrious corpse, and for three mortal hours and longer lay in his shroud with folded hands, motionless and devout, listening with rapture to the chanting and lamentations of the priests.

When they finally lifted him laboriously from the coffin, the monarch was half frozen and hardly conscious, more dead than alive. He was taken back to his cell and his emaciated body rubbed down with cloths dipped in powerful essences. And then, in the hope of offering a stimulus to his blunted, apathetic senses, Torriano, the mechanician, brought forth the latest triumph of his inventive genius, the Lady Olympia. This was a manikin or doll about three feet tall, with a sweet face. She was fashionably and richly dressed in a gorgeous robe of red brocade and yellow satin, covered with gold embroidery. In her left hand she held a tiny mandolin, upon the strings of which the fingers of her right hand rested.

The Emperor, stretched upon his lowly cot, the heavy discolored lids nearly closed over his sleepy eyes, seemed to take no notice whatever of his surroundings. He seemed hardly alive. Noiselessly Torriano set his toy in motion, and at once she began to approach the Emperor's cot with little, mincing steps, nodding her pretty head in all directions. At the same time her right hand gripped the strings of her mandolin, producing a series of tinkling chords, while a thin little voice, like the chirp of a bird, issued from her lips, singing the following song: —

> 'When the golden day seems long,
> When in sadness sunk thou art,
> Hark, oh, harken to my song:
> I am thine with all my heart!'

Slowly the Emperor's eyes opened. A tired smile spread over his yellow weather-beaten face, imparting to it a fearsome, uncanny expression. Then he stretched out his long, skinny hand, on which the blue veins stood out like rivers on a map, to his faithful servant to be kissed. It was a sign of his gratitude.

When, a few weeks later, the Emperor Charles really gave up the ghost, he left this doll that had been the last joy of his life to the Duke of Mendoza, his old friend and minister, as a personal legacy. And thus the Lady Olympia, the last toy of a childish old monarch, who at this time treated puppets like people, whereas in his prime he had treated human beings like puppets, came into the possession of the Dukes of Mendoza.

Along the dreary road that leads from Madrid to Aranjuez lies, on the southern bank of the Henares, the little town of Guadalajara. Its entire glory

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consists of the château of the Dukes of Mendoza. And here, upon a table of lapis lazuli and covered with a glass globe, was placed the doll of Charles V. On holidays all the children in the castle were allowed to admire her. The glass cover was removed, the mechanism was set in motion, and the fascinating doll proceeded to entrance the company with her dancing and playing and singing.

And so the Lady Olympia went on through two centuries in her unchanging, immaculate beauty, regarded ever with pride and affection by all the young folks of the house of Mendoza.

When Joseph Bonaparte ascended the throne of Spain, or rather when he was set thereon by his all-powerful brother, the great family of Mendoza had been reduced to a single individual who, like his ancestors, resided in the ancient Moorish-Spanish castle at Guadalajara, where once his forefather had offered to the unfortunate Francis I of France, whose courteous jailer he was, the spectacle of an elaborate and magnificent tournament.

This last Duke of Mendoza was a peculiar character. He could not bring himself to marry, and lived in lonely, friendless bachelorhood, leading a dreary existence in the midst of magnificent pictures, costly bronzes, and wonderful books, the enjoyment of which no woman should share — at least no living woman. He wrote many verses in the old Spanish forms and rhythms, in many of which he celebrated the charms of Lady Olympia, the hereditary puppet-genius of his family. Over and over he dreamed of breathing into her the breath of life, like a new Pygmalion. His bitterest sorrow sprang from the fact that, in the course of the centuries, Olympia had lost her voice. She walked, she played her mandolin, she nodded as sweetly as ever with her pretty head, but she sang no more. Never in his life had the Duke himself heard her voice, whose sweetness his father had so often described to him.

The evil rule of Joseph Bonaparte stirred in the Duke of Mendoza the glowing patriotism of his race, and roused him from his slothful mode of life. With frenzied ardor and the purest self-sacrifice he threw himself into the revolt against the French which ran through Spain like wildfire. He equipped many companies of guerillas with his own money, and gave both himself and all he possessed to the cause of his country. When the war of liberation ended in triumph, and after three years of bloody fighting the French abandoned the soil of the peninsula, no small part of the glorious result was due to the example and efforts of the Duke of Mendoza.

As a national hero, but a beggar, he returned once more to his castle at Guadalajara. He found it nothing but a pitiful ruin. The glorious garden was a trampled waste. The beautiful tapestries and leather screens dangled in shreds from the walls. The magnificently carved furniture and ornaments of wood had been burned up as fuel. The costly gold-and silver-ware had disappeared. Yes, even the family mausoleum of the Mendozas, a veritable marble pantheon, had been ruthlessly violated, and the bones of many generations lay about in filthy piles, while the leaden coffins had been melted into bullets. Great holes, made by cannon balls, gaped in the carved ceilings of the castle, leaving the demolished rooms open to the icy blasts of the *somosierra*, or the blazing shafts of the summer sun.

As in a dream the Duke wandered through the wretched ruins of his home, following with sinking heart the path of the incendiary torch and the streaks made by torrents of rain. He saw the

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tracks of horses in the living-rooms and the still more disgusting signs of human brutishness.

At last, passing through room after room, the Duke came to the green cabinet at the end of the house; and there, on the table of lapis lazuli, snugly ensconced under her glass covering that showed not even the vestige of a crack, stood, in the midst of débris but unharmed and untouched, his dear little Lady Olympia, smiling at him with the old, mysterious smile!

In this small room the Duke placed his bed, and in this room he solemnly made up his mind to pass the remainder of his life. He became his own carpenter, his own cook, his own gardener. He lived on gourds and cabbages from his garden, on figs and grapes and nuts. On winter days, when the icy winds blew and the rain poured in through the dilapidated ceilings so that the floor was covered with puddles, he made shift to warm himself by making a fire from what was left of the gorgeously carved ceilings.

He never went among men, and no man ever came to the castle. 'A saint and a fool as well,' said the good people of Guadalajara. But once in a while, on moonlit evenings, a group of them would stand listening without the walls of the castle, for they heard something that sounded very much as if the Duke was carrying on a conversation with a lady. And they seemed to hear words of passion and pleading, and sometimes they caught the sound of the old man's thin voice raised in song.

Ten more long years passed by, and the Duke became daily more feeble and helpless. His face was brownish-yellow, like old leather, and his nose thrust itself out from the wrinkled skin like the beak of an eagle. His crown had become perfectly bald, and his eyes, the whites of which had become yellow, rolled wildly hither and thither, like those of a sick lion. He looked like an Egyptian mummy of royal blood, just unwrapped from the folds of linen and newly brought to life.

With all his remaining strength the Duke gathered and heaped upon the table beside his primitive couch as much fruit as he could gather, and filled with water a jug of porous stone that kept it cool. Then he barricaded the entrance to the château as well as he was able and likewise that to the wing where his room was. He had closed accounts with the world and wanted nothing further of mankind.

Under his bed and round about he heaped as much straw and dry rushes as he could get, and at the foot of the bed he placed the table of lapis lazuli with the figure of his beloved Lady Olympia. When at last all his preparations were finished, he laid himself down shivering with ague, and drew over his emaciated body an ancient tapestry that once was worth a king's ransom.

At last, raising himself laboriously on his elbow, he gazed at the Lady Olympia with an expression of mingled love and hatred.

'Year after year, all my life,' he exclaimed with shaking voice, 'I have wooed thee! No other woman have I ever touched, but kept the troth that I swore to thee when I was a child, and yet thou hast remained silent — unapproachable. Thou sangest for my father but not for me, and yet I have loved thee so devotedly — thee, the only woman of my lifetime! Not one other have I ever so much as looked upon. I have waited for thee, but thou wouldst not be mine, and so I must die — loveless, forlorn. Cold, distant, thou hast stood there with that mocking smile on thy lips, watching my agony without a word. But hear me — never shall another listen to thee or even see thee! Never shalt thou beguile another with the witchery of thy smile as thou

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hast tricked me! Thy time has come, like unto mine. I die, but thou shalt die with me! All is prepared — wood, straw, oil. We will build a glorious funeral pyre, our own auto-da-fé, and thou and I shall chant the *Te Deum* for the glory of the Lord. And then through the flaming portals we shall enter into the glorious bliss of eternity.'

And so saying the Duke, with the very last vestige of his physical strength, piled high the inflammable material that he had collected around the table and cot, poured the oil over it, and set the mass afire. Then he lay down tranquilly upon his bed and watched the flames mount higher and higher and creep nearer and nearer. Suddenly, with a crash, the glass covering of the puppet flew into pieces and the tongues of fire crept slowly around the pedestal. But oh, what wonder! As the heat began to melt the lubricant of the toy, which had remained in a hardened state for generations, the mechanism suddenly began to work again of its own accord. Lady Olympia moved slowly across the lapis lazuli table toward the dying nobleman, her pretty little head nodding graciously and her delicate fingers stroking the mandolin that gave forth its tinkling twang.

And suddenly through the crackling of the creeping fire rose that little, thin, sweet voice that had been so long silent; and it sang again that old Spanish song: —

> 'When the golden day seems long,
> When in sadness sunk thou art,
> Hark, oh, harken to my song:
> I am thine with all my heart!'

With a cry of delight the Duke raised himself up and gazed with ecstasy upon his beloved lady, drinking the sweet tones into his very soul. Then, with a last smile of gratitude and joy, he sank back upon his cot, and awoke, let us hope, in Paradise.

OUR LONGER LIFE

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Some little creatures have so short a life
That they are orphans born — but why should we
Be prouder of a life that gives more time
To think of death through all eternity?

Time bears us off, as lightly as the wind
Lifts up the smoke and carries it away;
And all we know is that a longer life
Gives but more time to think of our decay.

We live till Beauty fails, and Passion dies,
And Sleep 's our one desire in every breath;
And in that strong desire our old love, Life,
Gives place to that new love whose name is Death.

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ANN RADCLIFFE, ROMANCER

BY ANTHONY CLYNE

[*Mr. Clyne is a young English journalist who specializes in topical articles on literature and foreign affairs. He is a regular contributor to several provincial papers and to the* Bookman, *the* Outlook, John o'London's Weekly, *and other magazines.*]

From the *Daily Telegraph, February 2*
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

The centenary of the death of Mrs. Ann Radcliffe may perhaps lead some of the many who have read about, but have not read, her notorious if not famous romances, to sample her writings for themselves. They will be agreeably surprised, for they will discover not only all the absurdities scathingly set forth in manuals of English literature, but also unmistakable genius too often ignored or minimized by critics.

Much of the reputation of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels appears to have been produced by commentators who have never read them; and the present writer agrees with Andrew Lang that 'the student who gives her a fair chance is carried away by the spell of this great enchantress,' and *The Italian* is by far the best romantic novel that ever was written before Scott. Others have held *The Mysteries of Udolpho* to be her masterpiece. There would be little to choose between the two novels, were it not that through *The Italian* stalks that magnificently melodramatic villain, the detestably wicked monk, Schedoni, the prototype of Byron's Giaour and his other lurid heroes, a veritably Satanic ogre.

There is no space to trace the development of the 'Gothic' tale of terror in our literature. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* at any rate started the fashion for these romances, and Ann Ward, the daughter of a London merchant, was born in the year of its publication, 1764. When she was thirteen appeared Clara Reeve's *The Old English Baron*, the second 'Gothic' romance of any importance, in which supernatural effects were employed with timid economy, while the puerilities of Walpole were repeated, becoming exceedingly tedious. When she was twenty-three Ann Ward married William Radcliffe, a law student, who became proprietor and editor of the *English Chronicle.*

The lonely young wife of the busy journalist distracted herself by composing a fantastic tale of Scotland in the dark ages, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, which attracted no attention and merited none, for her ignorance of the manners of the country and period was complete, and she exhibited no ingenuity in invention to compensate. But she was exercising and testing her powers to good effect, for in 1790, three years after her marriage, appeared *The Sicilian Romance.* It attained at once extraordinary popularity, and each of the three succeeding novels surpassed its predecessors in the enthusiasm with which it was welcomed. For the last two she received £500 and £800 respectively.

'Adventures heaped on adventures,' says Sir Walter Scott of *The Sicilian Romance*, 'in quick and brilliant suc-

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cession, with all the hairbreadth charms of escape or capture, hurry the reader along with them, and the imagery and scenery by which the action is relieved are like those of a splendid Oriental tale.'. But with this exuberance of imagination went a highly artificial plot and characterization devoid of originality — desperate villains and passionate lovers and hard-hearted parents all after the patterns which had served before and have served since a host of romancers. Still, the fertility of thrilling incident and occasional touches of genius in description redeem it from worthlessness.

In 1791 appeared a much better book, *The Romance of the Forest*, a story of French history, far more skillful in plot and characterization. The character of La Motte is a creation not unworthy of Scott or Dumas — the weak, indecisive man who in adversity lacks scope for talents that might have brought him honor and happiness, and is drawn reluctantly into villainy through the domination of a stronger spirit.

In 1794 *The Mysteries of Udolpho* was published, and in 1797 *The Italian*. Before writing the former Mrs. Radcliffe had traveled through the country of the Rhine, as well as visited the Lake District. Her power of describing romantic scenery immensely improved. She learned to color her scenes more correctly and vividly, as well as draw them with bolder lines, from the wild beauty of the Lakes, still more from the ancient castles of robber-barons that frowned across the flowing Rhine.

The Mysteries of Udolpho is a tale of the sixteenth century. The heroine is confined in a vast feudal castle, garrisoned by mercenaries. Montoni, the villain, is a captain of *condottieri*. Thrilling attacks and desperate defenses take place amid the majestic loveliness of Italian mountains. The plot is often improbable, the characterization is inconsistent, the description is sometimes too highly colored; but it is only after the story has been read that we make these comments. We cannot stay during its course to criticize. That is a just indication of its power.

The same may be said of *The Italian*, a story of the eighteenth century, in which Mrs. Radcliffe employed with striking effect not only the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, but all that mysterious machinery associated with it in many minds — 'monks, spies, dungeons, the mute obedience of the bigot, the dark and dominating spirit of the crafty priest, all the thunders of the Vatican, and all the terrors of the Inquisition.'

Hints of obscure horror, breathless moments of suspense there are in plenty, and they seldom fail to make the reader shiver with anticipation of he knows not what. Is there anything in this kind of writing to surpass that scene where the monk, profligate without a profligate's weaknesses, a monster of pitiless evil, has carried off his innocent and beautiful victim to a dark and dismal den and is about to murder her? As she lies asleep he raises his arm to strike, and, in the fraction of a second before perpetrating this foul crime, he recognizes her as his own child.

Mrs. Radcliffe provided at the end of each novel natural explanations of all the strange and awful occurrences, except indeed the few she forgot not only to explain but to weave into the plot at all. This has often been accounted a defect, and attributed to deference to the rationalism of the eighteenth century. It was undoubtedly the right method, as the writings of her successors, both inferior imitators and master mysterymongers like Poe and Stevenson, show. What was wrong was that her explanations were often not adequate, not credible, that they were kept until the end of the

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story and hastily and unskillfully set forth, instead of being dexterously introduced during its course. Later writers in this vein learned to explain one mystery while bringing forward another, thus arousing and gratifying two activities of the reader's mind at the same time — his reason and his wonder — and always with an unsolved problem in reserve to retain his interest.

Mrs. Radcliffe's imitators did her reputation much harm. They adopted her paraphernalia without her talent — ruinous castles with secret passages and gloomy vaults, mysterious sights and sounds suggesting horror, hints of hideous crimes, disguises, endless intrigues, fierce robbers, eerie moonlight, howling winds, and all the rest. But they lacked her descriptive powers. It has been said with truth that there are many passages in her novels which are prose versions of the landscapes of Salvator Rosa.

After *The Italian* Mrs. Radcliffe wrote no more for publication. Nothing was heard of her by the public, and it was rumored that by brooding over the horrors of her own invention her reason had become deranged and she was confined in a madhouse. But the simple truth seems to have been that she shrank from publicity. She was for many years an invalid, and she died on February 7, 1823.

The novels played a great part in the development of the romantic novel. To trace their pervasive and indirect influence with anything like completeness is impossible, so widely diffused was it. But apart from obvious and direct derivations and from contemporaries like 'Monk' Lewis and Maturin, we can detect the anticipation of and preparation for a host of historical romances, from those of Dumas to those of Stanley Weyman. *Jane Eyre* is a serious and more skillfully constructed version, with less exuberant imagination in incident and much more subtle characterization, of *The Sicilian Romance*, as *Northanger Abbey* is to some extent a delicious parody of it.

MISHKO

BY R. MEDEK

[The following story, by a young Czech writer, appeared in a collection of his tales, recently published in Prague. It describes an adventure of the Czechoslovak Legion in Siberia. This gallant little army fought their way across Northern Asia and returned to their native country via the United States and the Atlantic Ocean.]

THE Czechoslovak army was lying on the great Trans-Siberian Railroad, in its trains and armored cars. There, near Lake Baikal, the force was resting and preparing itself for the impending journey to its liberated country. In the dense forests along the railroad lived the Siberian Buriats, a yellow Mongol race, who welcomed the Czechoslovak soldiers everywhere, as they always came singing, with their bands playing, with smiles on their faces.

Corporal Pepek was a quiet, well-disciplined soldier, but among the Buriat people he too became gay and hilarious. He was particularly exhilarated one day when an old Buriat

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brought out on the village square his bear Mishko.

'Mishko is young yet,' said the old Buriat in broken Russian. 'One day we went hunting in the Altai forests. There were plenty of wolves, jackals, and lynxes. But we did not get far when an immense she-bear dashed ferociously out of a thicket and directly toward us. Her snarling filled us with such consternation that I was afraid she would attack and kill me, so I shot her. Presently something moved in the undergrowth to the left of me and two vivacious little cubs appeared. We took them along. One died, but Mishko, behold! he is still with us. He became used to us. He has forgotten all about his mother.'

The soldiers, especially Corporal Pepek, listened with great interest. Mishko was an amiable bear, clumsy and extremely desirous of being liked and patted, like a pup. Pepek fell in love with the bear. Whenever he could manage, he went to the settlement to visit him. He tried to dance and fight with him, taught him to jump hurdles, climb trees, to the amusement of all.

Later, when the detachment to which the Corporal belonged had to move on, Pepek bought the bear from the old Buriat. At Mysovaya the detachment rejoined the regiment and Mishko was promoted from a mere detachment bear to a regimental bear. He advanced faster than Pepek himself. But a little difference in rank had no bearing on the relationship of Pepek and Mishko; they were inseparable.

The Corporal and the bear often performed before the entire regiment. Holding each other, they danced to the tune of the accordion; they fought, rolled on the ground, and chased one another. The soldiers shared everything with Mishko. They tied a white and red ribbon around his bulky neck to show that he was a member of the Czechoslovak army. At meal time he would place himself in line for his ration. He became accustomed to firing and to the smell of powder; after a while he even took the thunder of the heavy guns and the rattle of the machine-guns as a matter of course. Mishko became a regular soldier. He would growl wrathfully whenever he found someone who did not wear the white and red ribbon in the vicinity of our cars. And he behaved as it befitted a disciplined soldier when some Czechoslovak officer came by him.

One night the train started rolling with the regiment toward the west. There were rumors in the soldiers' cars that there were some clashes between our men and the revolutionists who were attacking the railroad, destroying the tracks and station buildings, and looting and killing.

The night was very peaceful. The train rolled through the deep and silent forests in which the moonlight rarely penetrated the dense treetops. Corporal Pepek and other soldiers slept on the benches and on the floor of the car. It was a warm, pleasant night, and they depended upon the guards who stood their vigil on the locomotive.

But Mishko could not sleep in his corner. His bear's soul probably anticipated the moments that were to come. He was a soldier, inured to danger; but to-night his restlessness was unusual.

Pepek awoke. He saw Mishko by his side, licking his hand. He patted the bear and spoke to him: 'What is the matter, Mishko? Why are n't you asleep, young fellow? I hope you are not afraid of some evil that is about to befall us. You are listening? Perhaps you are smelling danger, old man, eh? Perhaps death? Now don't be a child all your life! Why be afraid? Maybe you had a bad dream. Now look here

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— that night before the battle at Zborovo I dreamed that I met my old man, who said to me: "Son, enough of this war! Let's go home!" And the next day I captured him, my own father, and he joined the Czechoslovak army. So you see, Mishko, there is nothing — What is this?'

All of a sudden the train shuddered, bumped, and stopped. A few long, distressful blasts of whistle; then a few rifle shots.

Pepek leaped from the bench.

'Hey, on your feet, everybody! It looks as though we're attacked. Get your rifles and ammunition! Then down on the track and take cover!'

The next instant wild shooting resounded in the forest. The narrow bridge, over which our train was supposed to pass, was destroyed. Our people in the locomotive had observed it just in time to enable the engineer to stop the train. There was a multitude of figures moving among the streaks of moonlight that poured in through the branches.

'The scoundrels! They have wrecked the bridge!'

A battle ensued. The Czechoslovaks opened up with their machine-guns. The ancient forest groaned painfully with the echoes of the thunder. The battle lasted two hours.

Pepek and his men lay upon the track and fired into the woods. He could not concern himself with anything else.

The battle subsided and the attackers retreated into the forest. The Czechoslovaks pursued them for a while, so they would not dare to interfere again with their progress.

The dawn was breaking. Pepek leaped to his feet, to join the rest in pursuit; but he suddenly paused. He dropped down on his knees and burst out crying. Before him lay Mishko, pierced by a score of bullets. During the heat of the battle he had served as a shield; his hide had caught the bullets aimed at Pepek.

Pepek could not pursue the enemy. He placed his head upon Mishko's body and wept.

'You have saved me, comrade. And I — I have not even thought of you. Not even thought of you! We people go on killing one another — you beasts shield us! Mishko, I shall tell about you at home — to my mother, to the crowd on the street, to the men in the tavern. You were a great fellow, Mishko!'

Pepek and his men buried the bear beside the track, adorning the grave with the flowers of the Siberian forest. They stuck a bayonet in the mound; and a white and red ribbon tied to it bore this inscription: —

'Here lies the bear Mishko, a good comrade of the Czechoslovak army.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

CHINESE DRINKING SONG

BY HERBERT TRENCH

[*New Statesman*]

THE old Bards leapt into the fiery Mountain
And your wizard Herb-seller was caught away —
The old Seers drank at the Immortal Fountain
And took their flight. But where are such to-day?

Life like a violet flash of lightning blinds us
And before our eyes recover is gone past,
The Earth and Sky grow giddy, Winter finds us —
Our childish faces wrinkled — far too fast.

Come, friend, whose shaky fist is on the wine here,
Why hesitate to drink? For whom do you wait?
What dancing girls do you expect to dine here
Or halt their chariot-wheels before our gate?

A SONG OF WANDERING

BY LORD DUNSANY

[*London Mercury*]

SOME crumpled-rose-leaf mountains, from forty miles away,
Are luring me towards them through all the blazing day.
Some crumpled-rose-leaf mountains, flecked here and there with blue.
They call to me and beckon as elfin hands might do.

And deeper pink beyond them a double summit towers,
Like Chronos grave and weary above the younger Powers.
Behind me the Sahara, before — those barren crags.
And with me the old hunter, illustrious in his rags.

When I am back in London, among the hoardings' blaze,
And pictures of bad food and salt that men are paid to praise,
When, bright with lights that dim the stars, the foolish words are writ,
To Crumpled-rose-leaf Mountain my thoughts will fly from it.

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FORAIN AN IMMORTAL

THE election of Forain, the famous cartoonist, to the French Academy has caused widespread satisfaction in Paris and elsewhere. M. J. Pistor, the sprightly writer of *L'Opinion*, speaks sympathetically of the event in the February 16 number of that weekly: —

'The Académie des Beaux-Arts has preferred Forain to M. Friant. For once we record our congratulations. The result was never doubtful. Nevertheless, there were no fewer than ten academicians who would have welcomed the success of M. Friant, since they voted for him on the first ballot. It was not until the third ballot that the Institute came to a decision, and not unanimously even then. Does this surprise you?

'To be sure, the green coat will confer no supplementary fame upon Forain; and people are asking, why did he consent to accept it? This is because people forget how sincerely and profoundly he is devoted to tradition. For him it will be a joy to belong to such a venerable institution as the Académie des Beaux-Arts. You may be sure that he does not consider his new dignity in any manner a consecration; he will regard it as a pleasure of a purely literary character.

'Forain is not alone the admirable draughtsman known to all the world — and notably to the readers of *L'Opinion*, who will recall that it published a cartoon of his every week during the war; he is also a delicate and delightful painter whose first canvases recalled Manet and also Stevens, rather more than Degas, before he began to specialize, as one might say, in subjects from the theatre and the police court.

'Finally — good judges say "especially" — he is an incomparable etcher, whose plates depicting the crowds at Lourdes and other religious scenes express an emotion devoid of irony, a sentiment of sorrow and sympathy that touches us profoundly.

'We know too that Forain is a man of *esprit*. At least as many *mots* and *histoires charmantes* have been attributed to him as in their days to Chamfort, Rivarol, and Talleyrand, or to-day to Tristan Bernard, Alfred Capus, and the actor Guitry. It is not easy to record such trifles. They were not invented to be written down, and the inimitable accent of the faubourgs cannot be reproduced, nor the mocking eye that flashed a cruel glance to accompany the pleasantries that the delicate, mobile mouth gave voice to so captivatingly.

'To-day, at seventy years and past, the great artist has preserved every bit of his verve. Physically he has changed but little. He has just finished a series of etchings of war subjects that are among the most admirable that he has ever done.

'Forain may enter the Institute without fear.'

✽

EXCAVATING DAVID'S TOMB

NEWS that the Palestine Government has authorized excavation of the site of ancient Zion and what is generally regarded as the tomb of David, is received with mingled feelings in clerical circles in Rome.

The exact site of the tomb is in dispute. Signor C. A. Nallino published a book in 1919, *Sull' Infondata Leggenda della Tomba di David*, in which he discusses the whole subject and reaches the conclusion that the real tomb is not situated at the tradi-

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tional site, but on the hill southeast of Jerusalem at Ophel.

Dom Giulio de' Rossi, writing in the *Corriere d'Italia*, declares that the commonly accepted legend is ridiculous and 'was circulated by an Israelite in the fourteenth century.' He adds that 'enemies of Catholicism and of Italy' base their arguments on it in order to contest 'our indisputable rights.' The situation is complicated by the fact that the tomb is a shrine for worshipers of three religions — Christians, Jews, and Mussulmans. Dom Giulio calls on the Italian Government to intervene and prevent any work on the excavation until the claims of the King of Italy have been settled. These claims are based on King Victor Emmanuel's position as heir of the Kings of Naples. In 1333 King Robert and Queen Sancia obtained possession from the Sultan of Egypt, through the good offices of Franciscan Friars. By 1429 the Jews had secured the crypt, and within less than one hundred years the Mohammedans were in full possession.

♣

LEOPOLD JESSNER ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE

After Max Reinhardt, Leopold Jessner, with whom his ideas on the art of the theatre differ sharply, is probably the greatest regisseur of Germany, a country which has been almost unrivaled in its experiments with scenic art. Since he has become manager of the State Theatre in Berlin, Jessner occupies an increasingly important position in the theatrical world. In an interview with a correspondent of the London *Observer*, he declared that he found a new feeling both on the German stage and among the German audiences.

'Not the stuff, but the spirit,' he said, 'not the fact, but the symbol is what is demanded to-day. The public are rejecting plays that tell them of things as they were in what was once known as society. We cannot present realities that are truths no longer.

'We cannot give them a story that will be old by to-morrow, typical of a day, or even a section of society that is past. But we can fire them with an idea and let the atmosphere of the stage all bear upon that idea. My "Tell" is a pacific Tell, forced to fight against his will. He breathes the very spirit of pacifism; there is nothing of the sword about him. He suits the moment admirably, but we shall be forced to give the great plays of great dramatists more and more as time goes on.

'There are unhappily no new ones in Germany worth playing. Georg Kaiser has disappointed: Wedekind, the last man breathing revolutionary ideas into a stagnating society, unreal but symbolical, we play. We of the State theatres, the subventioned theatres, with certain duties toward our public, know what we have to offer the university professor, the teacher, the struggling intellectual, and those of small means who take their theatre-going seriously. These are the only trammels left of the old Court traditions controlling theatrical life in Germany. To understand the old régime the foreigner must picture four-and-twenty reigning dukes and princelings with nothing to say in managing affairs of State and certain ambitions in the theatrical line, which their managers and actors were bound to respect.

'Our fetters are different. Only the organized playgoer could save the municipal theatre in Germany, and the organized playgoer has come in time to save it. Socialist, Nationalist, Catholic, and other leagues of all political and religious opinions book the greater part of the houses in the provinces for their special repertory eve-

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nings, and their wishes are bound to be respected as regards the fare offered, just as the People's Theatres, though wider in their sympathies, prefer frankly those plays with a direct proletarian appeal. Is it not natural under these circumstances that the theatre becomes more and more destined to express the dominating emotion of certain crises in the voice of a recognized master of such an emotion?

'How are the subventioned theatres getting on? Obliged to keep their seats within the capacity of the classes I mentioned, they are getting on as badly as they can. But I have an idea that is maturing — if it succeeds there will be, beside a State theatre, producing plays, an affiliated company producing films appealing to a yet wider class — films bearing the same stamp of the idea prevailing over the actuality. I can explain this best by saying that a mountain on the film can look like a picture-postcard, but the picture of one precipitous side expresses the whole vastness that should be suggested. Struggling between American magnificence and Scandinavian detailed simplicity, the German film has yet to make its own way. On these lines we shall be expressing our own selves best — as we are expressing it to-day in the theatre. With everything else ruined, it is possible that those abroad may recognize the spirit breathing from the stage as typical of all that Germany is feeling and thinking, struggling to utter or to overcome.'

♣

ICONOCLASM IN LONDON

It is perhaps only a coincidence that just at the time when England is celebrating very generally the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Christopher Wren it is proposed to tear down several of his buildings in London to make room for more modern structures. On this subject F. Y. remarks, in the *Saturday Review* of February 24: —

It is a strange thing that while we profess to cultivate beauty in one direction, we are always ready to destroy it in another. Everyone is writing about Christopher Wren this week, and about the beauty of his buildings. Yet it is proposed to celebrate his centenary by pulling down a number of his City churches. The reason alleged for this is that the money which could be got for them is needed to build churches in the suburbs. Why? People in the suburbs can quite afford to build churches if they really want them. Moreover, there is such a thing as keeping faith with the dead benefactors, who built and endowed these churches in the City. They may have been very foolish to put them there; but they did put them there, and gave their money to keep them there, and to enable a ministry to be carried on in them. No one really has any right to seize them because the Bishop of London and some of his friends would like to build churches elsewhere.

♣

ART AND FRONTIERS

Music is taking the lead among the arts in reasserting the adage that 'art knows no frontiers,' as is proved by the success of the German Opera in New York, and the triumph in London of the pianist, Mitja Nikisch, son of the famous conductor. The day, however, of the resumption of academic relations between the enemies of the late war does not seem to have yet arrived, if we are to ascribe any significance to the decision of the authorities of Oxford not to allow the presence for a month at that university of twelve German students whose expenses were to be paid by the volunteer subscriptions of certain Oxford dons and undergraduates. This refusal has been widely commented upon in the press of the Central Powers. One wonders to what

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extent it was motivated by the famous, or infamous, declaration of the ninety-three Teutonic intellectuals in 1914.

✠

A PREHISTORIC STATUETTE

La Vanguardia informs us that M. de Saint-René recently presented to the Académie des Inscriptions et Beaux Arts a marble statuette which was found in the region of Haute-Garonne. He demonstrated that the statuette, which represents a woman and is about fifteen centimetres high, bears undoubted resemblance to the objects of our contemporary Negro art and also to the prehistoric sculptures of Grimaldi, Lannel, and Willendorf in Austria. The fact that the statuette belongs to the Aurignacian epoch is indicated by the stratum in which it was found.

The age of this period of art is difficult to determine; it must have been from twenty to sixty thousand years ago. Even at this time, while gigantic prehistoric creatures still flourished, human art was already at a comparatively high stage of development.

✠

THE ALHAMBRA THREATENED WITH RUIN

El Sol brings the discouraging tidings that the Alhambra, 'this marvelous work of art, this pride of Spain,' is threatened with ruin unless it ceases to be a plaything in the hands of politicians, and its guardianship and restoration are entrusted to the right man. 'The Alhambra will be saved, because Spain wants it so,' says the paper emphatically. But it is confessed, at the same time, that the marvelous structure is 'nearly in ruins.'

✠

THE STRUGGLE FOR A CATALAN CULTURE

BARCELONA is the scene of a determined struggle by the people of Catalonia against the academic policies of Castilian Spain, which is endeavoring to make all Spain Castilian. At a recent lecture it was emphasized that during the Middle Ages three great universities represented the culture of the Iberian Peninsula, and one of these universities, that of Lérida, was Catalonian. The lecturer complained that so far as Catalonia is concerned the only result of the Government's policy of extending Castilian culture consists in 'giving diplomas of ineptitude to the Catalan youth.' A few governmental decrees were quoted which demonstrate the hostility of the central authorities toward the development and use of the Catalan dialect of the Spanish language. Catalanization of the university of Cervera was demanded as a means of restoring the freedom of the province.

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BOOKS ABROAD

L'Argentine devant l'histoire, by José Pacifico Otero. Preface by M. Alfred Croiset. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1922.

[Raymond Ronze in *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*]

L'Argentine devant l'histoire, by M. José Pacifico Otero, belongs to a kind of philosophy of history that is highly appreciated in Latin America but which we in France regard with some suspicion, because, you see, we know that you can find in history facts enough to support any theory. And we are led to deny any scientific value or even any trial value to such attempts.

M. Otero's book, therefore, belongs to a class that has to be condemned, especially in the present state of historic science in the Americas. But the very sharpness of our criticism enables us to praise the intelligence of the author, his patriotic enthusiasm, and his eloquence, qualities which we must mention here because they cannot appear in a brief summary of his work. The nine chapters of the first volume, the only one published so far, take us up to 1830. They embrace the emancipation period of the Spanish colonies and the formation of the states. The first epoch is the most interesting, if not the most dramatic, of Argentine history. The May Revolution, democratic and national, is symbolized by M. Otero in the person and work of Mariano Moreno, the expulsion of the Spaniards in the stirring episode of San Martín, the organization of the republic in the hasty but fruitful labor of Rivadavia. Then comes the second period, which M. Alfred Croiset, in his preface, calls the era of difficulties — the civil war in the maritime provinces, Artigas and Ramirez, the separation of the Bande Orientale, and the beginning of the struggle between the federalists and the unitarians, Lavalle and Dorrego.

Although chronological order is not always respected — that is a consequence of the main idea of the work — one follows the author's development of his facts with keen interest.

M. Otero's book deserves to be read. We must also thank this Argentine author for having written in French. An orator and writer of importance in his own country, he is capable of an eloquent Spanish style, but he felt that by writing in French he would obtain a wider European audience; and in doing this he has rendered Argentine a true service, even while he was paying a deserved compliment to our language.

An Autobiography, by Elizabeth Butler. London: Constable, 1923. 18*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

It is nearly fifty years ago now since Lady Butler's famous Roll-Call took London by storm. In the spring of 1874 Miss Elizabeth Thompson — as she then was — painted the picture which brought her, as she herself relates with very nice modesty, 'such utterly unexpected celebrity.' All her youth had been spent in preparation for that triumph. From early childhood, spent largely in Italy with her sister, the late Mrs. Alice Meynell, her sketchbooks had been stuffed with sketches of soldiers and horses. The war against Austria was just over; Magenta, Solferino, Montebello — these names resounded. Then came the Garibaldi enthusiasm, and the children became ardent Garibaldians.

'I saw the Liberator the day before he sailed from Quarto for his historical landing in Sicily,' writes Lady Butler. 'He was sitting in a little arbor overlooking the sea. . . . I made a pen-and-ink memory sketch of him.'

The Thompsons arrived in London when the volunteer movement was in full swing. The young artist became even more enthusiastic over the citizen soldiers than she had been over the Garibaldini. Again her sketchbooks were filled with British Volunteers in every conceivable uniform. One of the deepest impressions of girlhood came from a visit to the battlefield of Waterloo. 'It was there,' she wrote in her diary at the time, 'that I most felt the sickening terror of war, and that I looked upon it from the dark side, a thing I have seldom had so strong an impulse to do before.'

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 first turned her attention pictorially to battle scenes. Once she began on that line, she says, she went at a gallop, and many a subject she sent to the galleries, all the drawings selling quickly. 1872 was the year of her introduction to the British Army. She saw the autumn manœuvres, and in consequence of sketches from these came the order for the Roll-Call. The painter's scrupulous care for correct details of uniform and accoutrement makes interesting and amusing reading; also the extracts from the diaries which record how on the opening day of the Royal Academy she awoke and found herself famous. Other pictures followed — Sedan, Quatre Bras, Scotland Forever; then in 1879, The Defense of Rorke's Drift, commissioned by Queen Victoria. In 1879 Miss Thompson

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married Major, afterward Sir William, Butler, and interwoven with the story of her artistic career is the story of her life as a devoted wife and mother.

Bird Haunts and Nature Memories, by T. A. Coward. London: Warne, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Birds in Flight, by W. P. Pycraft. Illustrated by Rowland Green. London: Gay and Hancock, 1922. 15*s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Mr. Coward has achieved so just and widespread a reputation for his handbook, *British Birds and Their Eggs*, that he needs no introduction even to the reader but slightly interested in natural history. His present volume is a miscellaneous collection of bird observations on the coast of Wales, on the Humber and Dee estuaries, in South Devon, in Cheshire, his home county, and at Solway; of antiquarian and other memories in Wales, Cheshire, and Lancashire; of new information on the Noctule bat, and of discussions on tragedy in Nature and the preservation of our fauna. The descriptive portions of the book are principally of sea, wading, and other birds which appear on the coasts on migration, and here he gives us some very interesting accounts of the species he saw and their movements.

Mr. Pycraft's book professes to be only an introduction to the methods of distinguishing birds in the field by their flight, since it is intended for the novice. Within those limits the work is very capably done, and covers a wide scope. The book shows a humane feeling not very common among museum experts in England, and a knowledge of field natural history as rare. These, with the more technical elements, Mr. Pycraft welds into an attractive whole, and no man has done more toward popularizing natural history than this very learned zoölogist. He it is, we believe, who is largely responsible for the admirable nature films which cinemas exhibit all too rarely, and this educative work, combined with books like the present, is of real civilizing value.

Gott Stinnes (Stinnes, the God), by E. Ortner. Hanover: P. Stegemann, 1923.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle*]

Biography? Satire? Panegyric? The peculiar form of this work leaves us undecided. Considered as a biography, it contains nothing new. The idea developed is that Herr Stinnes represents a conception of life suited to the present hour and to the future too. He is rising from the horizon while D'Annunzio declines.

Dante the Man and the Poet, by Mary Bradford Whiting. Illustrated by Ascanio Tealdi. Cambridge: Heffer. 9*s.* net.

[*Saturday Review*]

The author has written for the general reader another life of Dante. The result is a pleasant book, easy in style, and supported by charming illustrations. Of Dante in general we learn all that is generally known, and we follow him here with that reverential attitude attached to men of genius whose work everybody is supposed to know. But the public includes that inquiring and not very reverential person who says or thinks, 'Dante was a man as I am. He was sometimes wrong, out of temper, sometimes even absurd.' There is not much for such a person in this life, but we are glad to see that Beatrice is regarded as a real woman, the daughter of Folco Portinari, married to somebody else. Boccaccio, the first lecturer on Dante, is wisely followed, and there is really no reason to suppose that he misstated the facts.

Whether Dante was, in the light of the future, right or wrong in his views of Italy, is a large question which might be widely debated. His reputation was certainly not steadily increased through the centuries, any more than Shakespeare's. He had little to say to the men of the Renaissance that they wanted to hear, and the author, unless she has got hold of research we do not know, has put much too early the addition of the word 'Divine' to Dante's great work.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

Glasgow, George. *The Minoans.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. For early publication. An account of the recent discoveries at Knossos, Crete. King Tutankhamen is not the only ancient monarch who has recently found himself dug up by an impertinent and inquiring century — King Minos, too, has been dug out of his ancient tomb at Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans. Minoan civilization was at its height long before the Eighteenth Dynasty, to which Tutankhamen belonged. The book is copiously illustrated and is intended to be intelligible to those who are not professed students of archæology.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Nallino, C. A. *Sull' Infondata Leggenda della Tomba di David.* Turin, 1919.

Waldersee, Graf Alfred von. *Denkwürdigkeiten des Generalfeldmarschalls.* Edited by Heinrich Otto Meisner. Two vols. Berlin and Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, 1923.

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